D.r Swift

Cives aliquos virtutibus pares, & habemus & habebimus, gloria neminem.

Plin. Epist.

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REMARKS

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

DR. *JONATHAN SWIFT*,

BY

JOHN, EARL OF ORRERY.

30
59
MAY

REMARKS

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

DR. *JONATHAN SWIFT*,

Dean of ST. PATRICK's, *DUBLIN*,

In a SERIES of

LETTERS

FROM

JOHN EARL OF ORRERY,

To his SON, the HONOURABLE

HAMILTON BOYLE.

Hæc ſunt quæ noſtrâ liceat te voce moneri.
Vade, Age.

VIRG. Æneid. 3. v. 461.

DUBLIN:
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MDCCLII.

ADVERTISEMENT of the EDITOR.

As the following ſheets were delivered to me by the NOBLE AUTHOR, to be publiſhed when, and in what manner I thought fit, I have taken the liberty of inſerting ſome explanatory notes that may tend to inform the publick, of certain particulars not mentioned in the ſeries of theſe letters.

2, MOREHAMPTON ROAD
DUBLIN
11/11/48

Dear M.J.

Could you find time to let me have the details for which Dr Teerink asks in a letter which I received this week ? He writes "As to ~~xxxxxxx~~ Orrery's Remarks , 1752, what you say is partly new to me. In the first place I have never heard of or seen a 3rd. Dublin ed., of which you say you have a copy . Could you give me full details ? Title-page (differences from the 1st Dublin ED.), signatures, pagination, etc. In the 1st Dublin ed. , besides L7 (pp.157-8) , K 3 (pp.133-4) is also a cancel. The latter concerns the alteration concare> convex on p. 134. How is this in the 3rd. Dublin ed ? "

I am sorry to give you this trouble , but you have, I think, my copy of the 3rd. Dublin ed., and also I am a very bad hand at collating a book. I will look for you in The Pearl on Saturday at about 12-15 o'c.

Jim Fit.

Orrery's Remarks 1st Dublin Edition(uncancelled) 1752

Large-Paper

Page 157-8 (Sign. L7.)

Which ought to arise from such a fable, is buried in obscurity. The first airy substance introduced is Alexander the Great. After a hint from Gulliver , that we have lost the true Greek idiom , the conqueror of the universe is made to declare upon his honour, "That he died by excessive drinking , not by poison." A trifling and an improper observation, because the apparition is called up as he appeared at the head of his army, just after the battle of Arbella . I own my expectations were great, when I found his appearance was to be at that particular juncture. Or rather I could have wished to have seen him after the battle of Issus , when the temperate use which he made of his victory, was highly worthy of imitation. Such a circumstance might have graced his triumph. There are others too in the historical records of him, that redound to his honour. The tender regard which he shewed to Pindar, by sparing the house of that poet (when he rased the city of Thebes) seems to demand perpetual gratitude from all succeeding bards. The manner in which he visited the tomb of Achilles : the affection and respect paid by him to Aristotle : the undaunted confidence placed in his physician Philip, are instances sufficient to shew, that Alexander did not want some virtues of humanity : and when we consider several of his rash actions of inebriety, the convince us, how far the native excellencies of the mind may be debased and changed by passions which too often attend success and luxury,

Utcunque defecere mores
Dedecorant bene nata culpae

P.T.O.

It is evident, my Ham, that Swift had conceived an absolute disgust to Alexander , whose character he aims

LETTER I.

To the Honourable

HAMILTON BOYLE,

Student of *Chriſt-Church* College in *OXFORD.*

My dear HAMILTON,

I Want no motive to gratify your requeſt of hearing often from me, eſpecially as your letters always give me a particular pleaſure. I read them over not only with the fondneſs of a father, but

with the affection of a friend. They revive in my mind, the agreeable hours which attend a ſtudious life, in that elegant ſeat of the muſes, from whence they are dated. In ſuch a ſituation, amidſt the beſt authors, and in a free converſation with men of letters, you will be able to adorn your mind, and give it a ſerene and a juſt way of thinking: And I ſhall have the happineſs not only of ſeeing you forming yourſelf every day for public life, but rendered more capable of exerting your faculties, with dignity and advantage to your country, and with a riſing reputation to yourſelf.

For my own part, early diſappointments, the perplexed ſtate of my affairs, an indifferent ſtate of health, and many untoward incidents, all contributed to make me, even in my earlieſt part of life, too fond of retirement. Years have encreaſed the inclination, and time rather confirms, than corrects the error; however, I have not ſuffered my mind to be totally inactive: but,

but, by having as little connection as poſſible with the living, I have employed myſelf in converſing, and forming an acquaintance with the dead: and have from thence received more real ſatisfaction and improvement, than poſſibly might have attended me, had I been directed in the purſuit of fame, fortune, or ambition.

I AM much pleaſed that you approve of my obſervations on PLINY's letters. I engaged in that work, with a deſign of pointing out, to your brother Lord BOYLE, the amiable qualities of that elegant Roman. But I cannot reſt ſatisfied unleſs I offer to you alſo, ſome public token of my paternal affection: and therefore, I have lately been examining the works of Dr. SWIFT, with an intention of gathering materials for my future correſpondence with you: and here, my dear HAMILTON, I dedicate to you, thoſe criticiſms which have occurred to me; and ſhall mix with them ſuch particulars of his life and character, as I flatter myſelf,

may tend at leaſt to your entertainment, if not to your improvement.

LET me begin by giving you a ſhort but general view of SWIFT's character.

He was in the decline of life when I knew him. His friendſhip was an honour to me, and to ſay the truth, I have even drawn advantage from his errors. I have beheld him in all humours and diſpoſitions, and I have formed various ſpeculations from the ſeveral weakneſſes, to which I obſerved him liable. His capacity and ſtrength of mind were undoubtedly equal to any taſk whatever. His pride, his ſpirit, or his ambition, call it by what name you pleaſe, was boundleſs: but, his views were checked in his younger years, and the anxiety of that diſappointment had a viſible effect upon all his actions. He was ſour and ſevere, but not abſolutely ill-natured. He was ſociable only to particular friends, and to them only at particular hours. He knew po-

liteneſs

liteneſs more than he practiſed it. He was a mixture of avarice, and generoſity: the former, was frequently prevalent; the latter, ſeldom appeared, unleſs excited by compaſſion. He was open to adulation, and could not, or would not diſtinguiſh between low flattery, and juſt applauſe. His abilities rendered him ſuperiour to envy. He was undiſguiſed and perfectly ſincere. I am induced to think, that he entered into orders, more from ſome private and fixed reſolution, than from abſolute choice: be that as it may, he performed the duties of the church with great punctuality, and a decent degree of devotion. He read prayers rather in a ſtrong nervous voice, than in a graceful manner; and although he hath been often accuſed of irreligion, nothing of that kind appeared in his converſation or behaviour. His caſt of mind induced him to think, and ſpeak more of politics than of religion. His perpetual views were directed towards power: and his chief aim was to be removed into *England:* but when he found

himſelf entirely diſappointed, he turned his thoughts to oppoſition, and became the patron of *Ireland*, in which country he was born. Here it may not be improper to obſerve to you, that many of his friends imagined him a native of *England*; and many others, I know not whether to call them friends or enemies, were willing to ſuppoſe him the natural ſon of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE. Neither of theſe facts are true. He was born in *Dublin*, *November* the thirtieth, in the year ſixteen hundred and ſixty ſeven, and was carried into *England* ſoon after his birth, by his nurſe, who being obliged to croſs the ſea, and having a nurſe's fondneſs for the child at her breaſt, conveyed him on ſhip-board, without the knowledge of his mother or relations, and kept him with her at *Whitehaven* in *Cumberland*, during her reſidence three years at that place. This extraordinary event made his return ſeem as if he had been tranſplanted to *Ireland*, rather than that he had owed his original exiſtence to that

ſoil. But perhaps, he tacitly hoped to inſpire different nations with a contention for his birth: at leaſt in his angry moods, when he was peeviſh, and provoked at the ingratitude of *Ireland*, he was frequently heard to ſay, "I am not of this "vile country, I am an Engliſhman." Such an aſſertion, although meant figuratively, was often received literally: and the report was ſtill farther aſſiſted by Mr. POPE, who in one of his letters has this expreſſion, "Though one or two of our "friends are gone, ſince you ſaw your "*native country*, there remain a few."[a] But Dr. SWIFT, in his cooler hours, never denied his country: on the contrary, he frequently mentioned, and pointed out the houſe where he was born.[1] The other ſuggeſtion concerning the illegitimacy of his birth, is equally falſe. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE was employed as a miniſter abroad from the year

[a] Letter LXXX. Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT, *March* 23, 1736-7.

[1] It was in Hoey's Court, in the city of Dublin, as is mentioned by Mrs. Dudley in her history of the King's Mess.

year ſixteen hundred and ſixty five, to the year ſixteen hundred and ſeventy: firſt at *Bruſſels*, and afterwards at the *Hague*, as you will find by his correſpondence with the Earl of *Arlington*, and other miniſters of ſtate: ſo that Dr. SWIFT's mother, who never croſſed the ſea, except from *England* to *Ireland*, was out of all poſſibility of a perſonal correſpondence with Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, till ſome years after her ſon's birth.

I HAVE already mentioned to you the exact place, and date of Doctor SWIFT's nativity, but the rules of biography make it neceſſary to give you ſome account of his family. It ſhall be as ſhort as poſſible, ſince, although his anceſtors were perſons of very decent, and reputable characters, he himſelf hath been the herald to blazon the dignity of their coat. His grandfather was the Reverend Mr. THOMAS SWIFT, Vicar of *Goodridge* near *Roſs* in *Herefordſhire*. He enjoyed a paternal eſtate in that County, which is

ſtill

ſtill in poſſeſſion of his great grandſon DEANE SWIFT, Eſq; He died in the year ſixteen hundred and fifty eight, leaving ſix ſons, GODWIN, THOMAS, DRYDEN, WILLIAM, JONATHAN, and ADAM. Two of them only, GODWIN and JONATHAN, left ſons. The deſcendants of GODWIN are mentioned in GUILLIM's heraldry. JONATHAN married Mrs. ABIGAIL ERICK of *Leiceſterſhire*, by whom he had one daughter and a ſon. The daughter was born in the firſt year of Mr. SWIFT's marriage; but he lived not to ſee the birth of his ſon[a], who was called JONATHAN, in memory of his father, and became afterwards the famous Dean of St. *Patrick*'s.

THE greateſt part of Mr. JONATHAN SWIFT's income had depended upon agencies, and other employments of that kind: ſo that moſt of his fortune periſhed with him: and the remainder being the only ſupport that his widow could enjoy, the

[a] Doctor SWIFT was born ſome months after his father's death.

the care, tuition, and expence of her two children devolved upon her huſband's elder brother, Mr. GODWIN SWIFT, who voluntarily became their guardian, and ſupplied the loſs which they had ſuſtained in a father. Mrs. SWIFT, about two years after her huſband's death, quitted *Ireland*, and retired to *Leiceſter*, the place of her nativity.

THE faculties of the mind, appear and ſhine forth at different ages, in different men. The infancy of Doctor SWIFT paſſed on without any marks of diſtinction. At ſix years old, he was ſent to ſchool at *Kilkenny*, and about eight years afterwards, he was entered a ſtudent of Trinity College in *Dublin*. He lived there in perfect regularity, and under an entire obedience to the ſtatutes: but the moroſeneſs of his temper, often rendered him very unacceptable to his companions; ſo that he was little regarded, and leſs beloved. Nor were the academical exerciſes agreeable to his genius. He held

logic

logic and metaphyſics in the utmoſt contempt, and he ſcarce conſidered mathematics and natural philoſophy, unleſs to turn them into ridicule. The ſtudies which he followed were hiſtory and poetry. In theſe he made a great progreſs; but to all other branches of ſcience he had given ſo very little application, that when he appeared as a candidate for the degree of Batchelor of Arts, he was ſet aſide on account of inſufficiency.

You will be ſurpriſed at ſuch an incident in his life: but the fact was undoubtedly true: and even at laſt he obtained his admiſſion *ſpeciali gratiâ:* a phraſe which in that Univerſity carries with it the utmoſt marks of reproach. It is a kind of diſhonourable degree, and the record of it, notwithſtanding Dr. SWIFT's preſent eſtabliſhed character throughout the learned world, muſt for ever remain againſt him in the academical regiſter at *Dublin.*

AMBITION,

AMBITION, you will agree with me, could ſcarce have met with a ſeverer blow. HERCULES found himſelf ſet aſide for want of ſtrength; or, if admitted among the wreſtlers, admitted only by favour and indulgence; yet ſtill he muſt be conſcious, that he was HERCULES. Diſappointments, the earlier they happen in life, the deeper impreſſion they make upon the heart. SWIFT was full of indignation at the treatment which he had received in *Ireland*, and therefore reſolved to purſue his ſtudies at *Oxford*. However, that he might be admitted *ad eundem*, he was obliged to carry with him the *Teſtimonium* of his Degree.

The expreſſion *ſpeciali gratiâ* is ſo peculiar to the Univerſity of *Dublin*, that when Mr. SWIFT exhibited his Teſtimonial at *Oxford*, the members of the *Engliſh* Univerſity concluded, that the words *ſpeciali gratiâ* muſt ſignify a degree conferred in reward of extraordinary diligence,

gence, or learning. You may imagine, he did not try to undeceive them. He was immediately admitted *ad eundem*, and choſe to enter himſelf of *Hart Hall*, now *Hartford College*, where he conſtantly reſided (ſome viſits to his mother at *Leiceſter*, and to Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE at *Moore Park* excepted) till he took his degree as Maſter of Arts, which, if I remember rightly, was in the year ninety one.

Having attended my friend SWIFT thus far in his road of life, let me reſt a little before I proceed farther with him in the Journey, and let me deſire you to keep this letter, as I intend that it ſhall be followed hereafter by others of the ſame ſort, and relating to the ſame perſon.

I am, my deareſt HAMILTON,

Your affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LET-

LETTER II.

I AM happy, my dear HAMILTON, to find that the taſk, which I have undertaken of placing together ſome memoirs of Dr. SWIFT's life, will be an acceptable preſent to you. In my laſt letter, you may remember, that I conducted Dr. SWIFT from his birth, in the year ſixteen hundred and ſixty ſeven, to his taking his degree of Maſter of Arts at *Oxford*, in the year ſixteen hundred and ninety one. Curioſity may induce you to know, in what manner he could ſubſiſt, or by what channel the ſprings of his revenue were ſupplied, at a time when both kingdoms, but particularly *Ireland*, were in great confuſion. You will almoſt tremble for him, when I tell you, that in the year of the Revolution, his uncle GODWIN SWIFT had fallen into a kind of lethargy, or dotage, which deprived him

him by degrees of his ſpeech and memory; and rendered him totally incapable of being of the leaſt ſervice to his family and friends. But, in the midſt of this diſtreſsful ſituation, as if it was ordained, that no incident ſhould bereave mankind of ſuch a genius, Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE (whoſe Lady was related to Dr. SWIFT's mother) moſt generouſly ſtept in to his aſſiſtance, and avowedly ſupported his education at the Univerſity of *Oxford*. Acts of generoſity ſeldom meet with their juſt applauſe: Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's friendſhip was immediately conſtrued to proceed from a conſciouſneſs, that he was the real father of Mr. SWIFT, otherwiſe it was thought impoſſible, that he could be ſo uncommonly munificent to a young man, no ways related to him, and but diſtantly related to his wife. I am not quite certain, that SWIFT himſelf did not acquieſce in the calumny. Perhaps, like ALEXANDER, he thought the natural ſon of JUPITER would

would appear greater than the legitimate ſon of PHILIP.

BUT I muſt not omit to tell you, that another of his father's brothers, WILLIAM SWIFT, aſſiſted him when at *Oxford*, by repeated acts of friendſhip and affection. I have a letter now before me, which, though torn, and imperfect in ſeveral places, ſhews his gratitude and devotion to the uncle, whom I have juſt now mentioned, and whom he calls *the beſt of his relations*. I will tranſcribe this epiſtolary fragment, ſince at leaſt it is ſo far curious, as it gives us a ſpecimen of SWIFT's manner of writing and thinking, at that period of his life.

SIR,

Moore Park, *Nov.* 29, 1692.

SIR,

MY ſiſter told me, you was pleaſed (when ſhe was here) to wonder, I did ſo ſeldom write to you. I been *ſo kind, to impute it neither to ill mann* reſpect. *I always thought that ſufficient from one, who has always been but too troubleſome to you: beſides I knew your averſion to impertinence, and God knows ſo very private a life as mine can furniſh a letter with little elſe: for I often am two or three months without ſeeing any body beſides the family; and now my ſiſter is gone, I am likely to be more ſolitary than before. I am ſtill to thank you for your care in my* Teſtimonium, *and it was to very good purpoſe, for I never was more ſatisfied than in the behaviour of the univerſity of* Oxford *to me. I had all the civilities I could wiſh for, and ſo many favours, that I am aſhamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to ſtrangers, than ever I was in ſeven years to* Dublin *College. I am not to*

take orders till the King gives me a Prebendary: and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, *tho' he promiſes me the certainty of it, yet is leſs forward than I could wiſh; becauſe, I ſuppoſe, he believes I ſhall leave him, and upon ſome accounts, he thinks me a little neceſſary to him. If I were*

entertainment, or doing you any ſatisfaction by my letters, I ſhould be very glad to perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all others. I am ſorry my fortune ſhould fling me ſo far from the beſt of my relations, but hope that I ſhall have the happineſs to ſee you ſome time or other. Pray my humble ſervice to my good aunt, and the reſt of my relations, if you pleaſe.

You do not ſee in theſe few lines, the leaſt ſymptoms of that peculiar turn of phraſe, which afterwards appeared in all his writings; even in his moſt trifling letters. Neither his learning, nor his genius were yet arrived to any degree of ripeneſs. Or perhaps the letter was rather the effect of duty than inclination, and in

that

that caſe, the ſtyle of it muſt be illaborate, and void of all freedom and vivacity. It is dated from *Moore Park*, near *Farnham* in *Surry*, where Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE then reſided.

SWIFT, as ſoon as he had quitted the Univerſity of *Oxford*, lived with Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE as his friend, and domeſtic companion. When he had been about two years at *Moore Park*, he contracted a very long and dangerous illneſs, by eating an immoderate quantity of fruit. To this ſurfeit I have often heard him aſcribe that giddineſs in his head, which with intermiſſions ſometimes of a longer, and ſometimes of a ſhorter continuance, purſued him till it ſeemed to compleat its conqueſt, by rendering him the exact image of one of his own *Struldbruggs*, a miſerable ſpectacle, devoid of every appearance of human nature, except the outward form.

In compliance to the advice of his phyſicians, when he was ſufficiently recovered to travel, he went into *Ireland*, to try the effects of his native air: and he found ſo much benefit by the journey, that in compliance to his own inclinations, he ſoon returned into *England*, and was again moſt affectionately received by Sir William Temple, who had now left *Moore Park*, and was ſettled at *Sheene*, where he was often viſited by King William. Here Swift had frequent opportunities of converſing with that Prince; in ſome of which converſations, the King offered to make him a captain of horſe: an offer, which, in ſplenetic diſpoſitions, he always ſeemed ſorry to have refuſed; but at that time, he had reſolved, within his own mind, to take orders, and during his whole life, his reſolutions, like the decrees of fate, were immovable. Thus determined, he again went over into *Ireland*, and immediately enliſted himſelf under the banner of the Church. He was recommended by

Sir

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE to Lord CAPEL, then Lord Deputy, who gave him the firſt vacancy, a prebend, of which the income was about an hundred pounds a year. SWIFT ſoon grew weary of this preferment: it was not ſufficiently conſiderable, and was at ſo great a diſtance from the metropolis, that it abſolutely deprived him from that kind of converſation and ſociety, in which he delighted. He had been uſed to very different ſcenes in *England*, and had naturally an averſion to ſolitude and retirement. He was glad therefore, to reſign his prebend in favour of a friend, and to return to *Sheene*, where he lived domeſtically as uſual, till the death of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, who, beſides a legacy in money, left to him the care, and truſt of publiſhing his poſthumous works.

As during my friend SWIFT's reſidence with Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, he became intimately acquainted with a Lady, whom he hath diſtinguiſhed, and often celebrated in his works, under the name of

STELLA; I cannot think, my HAM, that it will be improper, to give you at once her hiſtory, although, according to the rules of biography, I ought perhaps to have delayed the account, till we arrived at that period of his life, when he married her: but as I may have occaſion to ſpeak of her in various parts of SWIFT's works, and as his manner of living with her will ſhew you, how much he deviated from the common order of men, I ſhall fill up the reſt of my letter with her extraordinary ſtory.

STELLA's real name was JOHNSON. She was the daughter of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's ſteward, and the concealed, but undoubted wife of Dr. SWIFT. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE bequeathed her in his Will one thouſand pounds, as an acknowledgment of her father's faithful ſervices. I cannot tell, how long ſhe remained in *England*, or whether ſhe made more journeys than one to *Ireland* after Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's death; but

but if my informations are right, ſhe was married to Dr. SWIFT in the year ſeventeen hundred and ſixteen, by Dr. ASHE then biſhop of *Clogher*.

STELLA, was a moſt amiable woman in mind, and perſon. She had an elevated underſtanding, with all the delicacy and ſoftneſs of her ſex. Her voice, however ſweet in itſelf, was ſtill rendered more harmonious by what ſhe ſaid. Her wit was poignant without ſeverity. Her manners were humane, polite, eaſy, and unreſerved. Wherever ſhe came ſhe attracted attention and eſteem. As virtue was her guide in morality, ſincerity was her guide in religion. She was conſtant, but not oſtentatious in her devotions. She was remarkably prudent in her converſation. She had great Skill in muſic, and was perfectly well verſed in all the leſſer arts that employ a lady's leiſure. Her wit allowed her a fund of perpetual chearfulneſs: her prudence kept that chearfulneſs within proper limits. She exactly

anſwered the deſcription of PENELOPE in HOMER.

A woman lovelieſt of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and compleat in mind.

SUCH was STELLA: yet with all theſe accompliſhments ſhe never could prevail upon Dr. SWIFT to acknowledge her openly as his wife. A great genius muſt tread in unbeaten paths, and deviate from the common road of life: otherwiſe, ſurely a diamond of ſo much luſtre might have been publicly produced, although it had been fixed within the collet of matrimony: but, the flaw, which in Dr. SWIFT's eye reduced the value of ſuch a jewel, was the ſervile ſtate of her father, who, as hath been ſaid before, was a menial ſervant to Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE. Ambition and pride will, at any time, conquer reaſon and juſtice, and each larger degree of pride, like the larger fiſhes of prey, will devour all the leſs: thus the vanity of boaſting ſuch a wife was ſup-

preſſed

preſſed by the greater vanity of keeping free from a low alliance.

Dr. Swift and Mrs. Johnson continued the ſame œconomy of life after marriage, which they had purſued before it. They lived in ſeparate houſes; he remaining at the deanery, ſhe, in lodgings at a diſtance from him, and on the other ſide of the river *Liffy*. Nothing appeared in their behaviour inconſiſtent with decorum, or beyond the limits of platonic love. They converſed like friends, but they induſtriouſly took care, to ſummon witneſſes of their converſation: a rule to which they adhered ſo ſtrictly, that it would be difficult, if not impoſſible, to prove they had ever been together without ſome third perſon.

A conduct ſo extraordinary in itſelf always gives room for various comments and reflexions: but, however unaccountable this renunciation of marriage rites might appear to the world, it certainly aroſe

aroſe not from any conſciouſneſs of too near a conſanguinity between him and Mrs. JOHNSON, although the general voice of fame was willing to make them both, the natural children of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE. I am perſuaded, that Dr. SWIFT was not of that opinion; becauſe, the ſame falſe pride that induced him to deny the legitimate daughter of an obſcure ſervant, might have prompted him to own the natural daughter of ſo eminent a Man as Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE. There are actions of which the true ſources will never be diſcovered. This perhaps is one. I have told you the fact, in the manner I have received it from ſeveral of SWIFT's friends and relations, and I muſt leave you to make your own obſervations upon it.

You may imagine, that a woman of STELLA's delicacy muſt repine at ſuch an extraordinary ſituation. The outward honours, which ſhe received, are as frequently beſtowed upon a miſtreſs, as

upon

upon a wife. She was abſolutely virtuous, and yet was obliged to ſubmit to all the appearances of vice, except in the preſence of thoſe few people, who were witneſſes of the cautious manner in which ſhe lived with her huſband, who ſcorned, my HAMILTON, even to be married, like any other man.

INWARD anxiety affected by degrees the calmneſs of her mind, and the ſtrength of her body. She began to decline in her health in the year ſeventeen hundred and twenty four, and from the firſt ſymptoms of decay, ſhe rather haſtened, than ſhrunk back in the deſcent: tacitly pleaſed, to find her footſteps tending to that place, where *they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.* She died towards the end of *January*, ſeventeen hundred and twenty ſeven, or eight, abſolutely deſtroyed by the peculiarity of her fate: a fate, which perhaps ſhe could not have incurred by an alliance with any other perſon in the world.

MY

My paper, my time, and every circumſtance, put me in mind of aſſuring you, my dear HAMILTON, that I am,

Your moſt affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER III.

I JOIN with you entirely in thinking STELLA one of the moſt unfortunate of her ſex. Her cataſtrophe was ſuch as might have drawn pity from a breaſt leſs ſuſceptible of that paſſion than yours. Injurious treatment, diſappointed love, a long lingering illneſs, were all circumſtances of the melancholy kind. Be not ſurprized, my HAMILTON, when I tell you, that he never ſpoke of her without a ſigh: for ſuch is the perverſeneſs of human nature, that we bewail thoſe perſons dead, whom we treated cruelly when living.

living. But, I am making reflections, when I intended to write memoirs. Let us return to SWIFT.

UPON the death of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE he came to *London*, and took the earlieſt opportunity of delivering a memorial to King WILLIAM, under the claim of a promiſe made by his Majeſty to Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, "That Mr. "SWIFT ſhould have the firſt vacancy, "which might happen among the pre-"bends of *Weſtminſter* or *Canterbury*." The promiſes of kings are often a kind of chaff, which the breath of a miniſter bloweth, and ſcattereth away from the face of a court. The memorial had no effect. It was either totally forgotten, or drowned amidſt the clamours of more urgent claims. From this firſt diſappointment, may probably be dated that bitterneſs towards kings, and courtiers, which is to be found ſo univerſally diſperſed throughout his works.

AFTER

AFTER a long and fruitleſs attendance at *Whitehall*, SWIFT reluctantly gave up all thoughts of a ſettlement in *England*. He had dedicated Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's works to the King. The dedication was neglected, nor did his Majeſty take the leaſt notice of him after Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's death. What then was to be done? honour, or to uſe a properer word, pride hindered him from ſtaying long in a ſtate of ſervility and contempt. He complied therefore with an invitation from the Earl of BERKLEY (appointed one of the Lords Juſtices in *Ireland)* to attend him as his chaplain, and private ſecretary. Lord BERKLEY landed near *Waterford*, and Mr. SWIFT acted as ſecretary during the whole journey to *Dublin*. But another of Lord BERKLEY's attendants, whoſe name was BUSH, had, by this time, inſinuated himſelf into the Earl's favour, and had *whiſpered* to his Lordſhip, that the poſt of ſecretary was not proper for a clergyman, to whom only church

church preferments could be ſuitable or advantageous. Lord BERKLEY liſtened perhaps too attentively to theſe inſinuations, and making ſome ſlight apology to Mr. SWIFT, diveſted him of that office, and beſtowed it upon Mr. BUSH. Here again was another diſappointment, and a freſh object of indignation. The treatment was thought injurious, and SWIFT expreſſed his ſenſibility of it in a ſhort, but ſatyrical copy of verſes entitled *The Diſcovery*.

HOWEVER, during the government of the Earls of BERKLEY and GALWAY, who were jointly Lords Juſtices of *Ireland*, two livings, *Laracor* and *Rathbeggan*, were beſtowed upon Mr. SWIFT. The firſt of theſe rectories was worth about two hundred, and the latter about ſixty pounds a year, and they were the only church preferments that he enjoyed 'till he was appointed Dean of St. *Patrick*'s, in the year ſeventeen hundred and thirteen.

As ſoon as he had taken poſſeſſion of his two livings, he went to reſide at *Laracor*, and gave public notice to his pariſhioners, that he would read prayers on every Wedneſday and Friday. Upon the ſubſequent Wedneſday the bell was rung, and the Rector attended in his deſk, when after having ſat ſome time, and finding the congregation to conſiſt only of himſelf, and his clerk ROGER, he began with great compoſure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himſelf, "*Dearly beloved* "ROGER, *the ſcripture moveth you and* "*me in ſundry places.*" And then proceeded regularly through the whole ſervice. I mention this trifling circumſtance only to ſhew you, that he could not reſiſt a vein of humour whenever he had an opportunity of exerting it.

As I have given you a particular example of his humour, let me give you a particular inſtance of his pride: eſpecially as it comes in properly enough in point of time.

WHILST

WHILST SWIFT was chaplain to Lord BERKLEY, his only ſiſter, by the conſent and approbation of her uncles and relations, was married to a man in trade, whoſe fortune, character, and ſituation, were eſteemed, by all her friends, ſuitable for her in every reſpect. But, the marriage was entirely diſagreeable to her brother. It ſeemed to interrupt thoſe ambitious views, which he had long ſince formed: he grew outrageous at the thoughts of being brother-in-law to a tradeſman. He utterly refuſed all reconciliation with his ſiſter, nor ever would liſten to the entreaties of his mother, who came over to *Ireland*, under almoſt a certainty of pacifying his anger, having, in all other reſpects, ever found him a dutiful, and an obedient ſon: but his pride was not to be conquered, and Mrs. SWIFT finding her ſon inflexible, haſtened back to *Leiceſter*, where ſhe continued till her death.

DURING his mother's life time, he ſcarce ever failed to pay her an annual viſit. But his manner of travelling was as ſingular as any other of his actions. He often went in a waggon, but more frequently walked from *Holyhead* to *Leiceſter*, *London*, or any other part of *England*. He generally choſe to dine with waggoners, hoſtlers, and perſons of that rank; and he uſed to lie at night in houſes where he found written over the door *Lodgings for a penny*. He delighted in ſcenes of low life. The vulgar dialect was not only a fund of humour for him, but I verily believe was acceptable to his nature; otherwiſe I know not how to account for the many filthy ideas, and indecent expreſſions (I mean indecent in point of cleanlineſs and delicacy) that will be found throughout his works.

I NEED not tell you, that a ſtrict reſidence at *Laracor*, was not in the leaſt ſuitable to his diſpoſition. He was perpetually

petually making excurſions not only to *Dublin*, and other parts of *Ireland*, but into *England*, eſpecially to *London*. So rambling a diſpoſition, occaſioned to him a conſiderable loſs. The rich deanery of *Derry* became vacant at this time, and was intended for him by Lord Berkley, if Dr. King, then Biſhop of *Derry*, and afterwards Archbiſhop of *Dublin*, had not interpoſed: entreating with great earneſtneſs, that the deanery might be given to ſome grave and elderly Divine, rather than to ſo young a man; "becauſe (added the Biſhop) the ſituation of *Derry* is in the midſt of preſbyterians, and I ſhould be glad of a clergyman, who could be of aſſiſtance to me. "I have no objection to Mr. Swift. I "know him to be a ſprightly ingenious "young man; but inſtead of reſiding, I "dare ſay, he will be eternally flying "backwards and forwards to *London*, "and therefore I entreat, that he may be "provided for in ſome other place."

SWIFT was accordingly ſet aſide on account of *youth*, but, as if his ſtars had deſtined to him a parallel revenge, he lived to ſee the biſhop of *Derry* afterwards ſet aſide on account of *age*. That Prelate had been Archbiſhop of *Dublin* many years, and had been long celebrated for his wit and learning, when Dr. LINDSEY, the Primate of *Ireland*, died. Upon his death, Archbiſhop KING immediately made claim to the Primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his ſtation in the ſee of *Dublin*, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of theſe pretenſions were prevalent. He was looked upon as *too far advanced in years* to be removed. The reaſon alledged was as mortifying as the refuſal itſelf: but the Archbiſhop had no opportunity of ſhewing his reſentment, except to the new Primate Dr. BOLTER, whom he received at his own houſe, and in his dining parlour, without riſing from his chair, and to whom he made an apology,

logy, by ſaying, in his uſual ſtrain of wit, and with his uſual ſneering countenance, " My Lord, I am certain your Grace " will forgive me, becauſe, *You know I* " *am too old to riſe.*"

In the year 1701, Swift took his Doctor's degree, and towards the latter end of that year, or according to our abſurd way of reckoning, in the year $17\frac{01}{02}$, King William died. Queen Ann's reign will open a new ſcene, and will probably afford me materials for more letters than one. The more the better, when in each of them I can aſſure you, that your behaviour, as well as my own inclinations, oblige me to be,

Your affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER IV.

UPON the death of King WILLIAM, and the acceſſion of Queen ANN, Dr. SWIFT came into *England*. It cannot be denied, that the chief miniſters of that Queen, whether diſtinguiſhed under the titles of Whigs or Tories, of High Church or of Low Church, were, from the beginning to the end of her reign, encouragers of learning, and patrons of learned men. The wits and poets of that æra, were numerous and eminent. Amidſt the croud, yet ſhining above the reſt, appeared Dr. SWIFT.

Ipſe ante alios pulcherrimus omnes,
Infert ſe ſocium Æneas, atque agmina jungit.

IT will be impoſſible, in mentioning the reign of this Princeſs, or in writing memoirs

memoirs of Dr. SWIFT, to avoid the frequent uſe of thoſe cant words Whig and Tory, " *two creatures*, ſays a modern " author, [a] *who are born with a ſecret* " *antipathy to each other, and engage as* " *naturally when they meet, as the elephant* " *and rhinoceros.*" In a mixture of theſe two jarring animals conſiſted the firſt miniſtry of Queen ANN, but the greater ſhare of the adminiſtration was committed to the Whigs, who, with indefatigable induſtry ſoon engroſſed the whole; encloſing their Sovereign within their own fortifications, and keeping her captive within their own walls. The Queen, whoſe heart was naturally inclined towards the Tories, remained an unwilling priſoner ſeveral years to the Whigs, till Mr. HARLEY, with a tory army, undermined all the whiggiſh fortreſſes, levelled their works to the ground, ſeized the Princeſs, and during the remainder of her life, ſurrounded, and

[a] See the Spectator, No. 50.

and defended her with a new ſet of troops under the command of the Duke of ORMOND.

DR. SWIFT was known to the great men of each denomination: and although he ſoon attached himſelf openly to the Tories, it is certain he had been bred up, and educated with Whigs; at leaſt with ſuch, who, in the Lexicon of Party, may be found ranged under that title. His motives for quitting the lower vallies of Whiggiſm for the higher regions of Toriſm, appear throughout his works. The perſons who had now ſignalized themſelves as Whigs, had renounced thoſe principles by which the old Whigs were denoted, and had embraced ſeveral of thoſe tenets of which their forefathers had either a real, or a pretended, abhorrence. The effects of power and ambition are extraordinary and boundleſs. They blind our faculties, they ſtagger our reſolution, and they ſubvert our nature. Not all the metamorphoſes

morphoſes of OVID can produce a parallel equal to the change that appears in the ſame man, when from a Patriot he becomes a Courtier: yet it may be aſſerted, and will redound to the honour of Dr. SWIFT, that when he roſe into the confidence and eſteem of thoſe great men, who ſat at the helm of affairs, during the laſt years of Queen ANN's reign, he ſcarce ever loſt himſelf, or grew giddy by the plenitude of power, and the exalted ſtation of frequently appearing in the confidence, and favour of the reigning miniſter. He may have been carried away by inconſiderate paſſion, but he was not to be ſwayed by deliberate evil. He may have erred in judgment, but he was upright in intention. The welfare and proſperity of theſe kingdoms were the conſtant aim of his politics, and the immediate ſubject of his thoughts and writings. But, as HAMLET ſays, "Something too "much of this." Let us continue therefore to trace the footſteps of his life;

life; in which, ſcarce any circumſtance can be found material from the year ſeventeen hundred and two, till the change of the miniſtry in the year ſeventeen hundred and ten. During this interval, he had worked hard within thoſe ſubterraneous paſſages, where, as hath been hinted before, the mine was formed that blew up the whiggiſh ramparts, and opened a way for the Tories to the Queen. SWIFT was to the Tories, what CÆSAR was to the Romans, at once a leader of their armies, and an hiſtoriographer of their triumphs. He reſided very much in *England:* his inclinations were always there. His intimacy with Lord OXFORD commenced, as far as may be deduced from his works, in *October* 1709. In a poem written in the year 1713, he ſays,

'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more
(*October* next it will be four)
Since HARLEY bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend.

And again in another poem written in the ſame year,

My Lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to *Windſor* take his gueſt.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a Canon there.
A Canon! that's a place too mean,
No, Doctor, you ſhall be a Dean.

By this laſt quotation, and by numberleſs other inſtances in his works, it ſeems undeniable that a ſettlement in *England* was the unvaried object of Dr. Swift's ambition: ſo that his promotion to a deanery in *Ireland*, was rather a diſappointment than a reward. In a letter to Mr. Gay, he ſays, "*The beſt* "*and greateſt part of my life, until theſe* "*laſt eight years, I ſpent in* England. "*There I made my friendſhips, and there I* "*left my deſires. I am condemned for ever* "*to another country:*[a]" and in anſwer to

[a] Letter 5. Vol. 7.

to a letter from Mr. POPE, who had offered incenſe to him, as to a tutelar ſaint in a ſtate of ſeparation, he writes thus. " *You are an ill catholick, or a* " *worſe geographer, for I can aſſure you,* " Ireland *is not paradiſe, and I appeal* " *even to a Spaniſh divine, whether* " *addreſſes were ever made to a friend* " *in hell or purgatory?*[a] " I ſhall cite no other quotations; but you will find in his letters, many expreſſions to the ſame purport.

AMONG the various branches, into which SWIFT's expanſive genius ſpread itſelf, thoſe peculiar talents of levelling his writings to the loweſt, and ſuſtaining their dignity, to the higheſt capacity, were probably the original motives that attracted the Earl of OXFORD's friendſhip to him. In the year 1709, the character of Dr. SWIFT, as an author, was perfectly eſtabliſhed? he had ſhewn abilities equal to thoſe attributed by

[a] Letter 4. Vol. 7.

by HOMER to ULYSSES: he could appear a beggar among beggars, and a king among kings.

FROM the year 1710, to the lateſt period of Queen ANN, we find him fighting on the ſide of the miniſters, and maintaining their cauſe in pamphlets, poems, and weekly papers. In one of his letters to Mr. POPE, he has this expreſſion, "*I have converſed in ſome freedom with more miniſters of ſtate, of all parties, than uſually happeneth to men of my level; and I confeſs, in their capacity as miniſters, I look upon them as a race of people whoſe acquaintance no man would court otherwiſe than on the ſcore of vanity or ambition.*[a]" Lord OXFORD, as a gentleman, and a ſcholar, might be open and unreſerved to Dr. SWIFT, as far as his Lordſhip's nature would permit; but as a miniſter of ſtate he ever appeared myſterious and ænigmatical, delivering his oracles, like the Delphian Deity,

[a] Letter 4. Vol. 7.

Deity, in occult terms and ambiguous expreſſions.

A MAN always appears of more conſequence to himſelf, than he is in reality to any other perſon. Such perhaps was the caſe of Dr. SWIFT. He found himſelf much indulged by the ſmiles, and converſation of the Earl of OXFORD. He knew how uſeful he was to the adminiſtration in general: and in one of his letters (I think the ſame which I have laſt quoted) he mentions, that the place of hiſtoriographer was intended for him; but I am apt to ſuſpect that he flattered himſelf too highly: at leaſt it is very evident, that he remained without any preferment till the year 1713, when he was made Dean of St. *Patrick*'s. In point of power and revenue, ſuch a deanery might be eſteemed no inconſiderable promotion; but to an ambitious mind, whoſe perpetual aim was a ſettlement in *England*, a dignity in any other kingdom muſt appear (as perhaps it was deſigned)

deſigned) only an honourable, and profitable baniſhment.

But, my Hamilton, I will never hide the freedom of my ſentiments from you. I am much inclined to believe that the temper of my friend Swift, might occaſion his *Engliſh* friends, to wiſh him happily and properly promoted, at a diſtance. His ſpirit, for I would give it the ſofteſt name, was ever untractable. The motions of his genius were often irregular. He aſſumed more the air of a patron, than of a friend. He affected rather to dictate than adviſe. He was elated with the appearance of enjoying miniſterial confidence. He enjoyed the ſhadow: the ſubſtance was detained from him. He was employed, not truſted; and at the ſame time that he imagined himſelf a ſubtil diver, who dextrouſly ſhot down into the profoundeſt regions of politics, he was ſuffered only to ſound the ſhallows neareſt the ſhore, and was ſcarce admitted to deſcend below

below the froth at the top. Perhaps the deeper bottoms were too muddy for his inſpection.

By reflexions of this ſort, we may account for his diſappointment in an *Engliſh* biſhoprick. A diſappointment which, he imagined, he owed to a joint application made againſt him to the Queen by Dr. SHARPE, Archbiſhop of *York*, and by a Lady of the higheſt rank and character. Archbiſhop SHARPE, according to Dr. SWIFT's account, had repreſented him to the Queen, as a perſon who was not a Chriſtian; the great Lady had ſupported the aſperſion; and the Queen, upon ſuch aſſurances, had given away the biſhoprick, contrary to her Majeſty's firſt intentions. SWIFT kept himſelf indeed within ſome tolerable bounds, when he ſpoke of the Queen: but his indignation knew no limits, when he mentioned the Archbiſhop, or the Lady.

Business and ceremony, (two commanders, that I hope you will lift under, much more willingly than I can) call me away from my letter, although nothing can ever call away my thoughts from you, or interrupt the tenderneſs with which I am, dear Hamilton,

Your affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER V.

MOST people, my dear Ham, are fond of a ſettlement in their native country: but Dr. Swift had little reaſon to rejoice in the land where his lot had fallen: for, upon his arrival in *Ireland* to take poſſeſſion of the deanery, he found the violence of party raging in that kingdom to the higheſt degree. The common people were taught to look upon him as a Jacobite, and they proceeded

ſo far in their deteſtation, as to throw ſtones and dirt at him as he paſſed through the ſtreets. The chapter of St. *Patrick*'s, like the reſt of the kingdom, received him with great reluctance. They thwarted him in every point that he propoſed. He was avoided as a peſtilence. He was oppoſed as an invader. He was marked out as an enemy to his country. Such was his firſt reception as Dean of St. *Patrick*'s. Fewer talents, and leſs firmneſs, muſt have yielded to ſo outragious an oppoſition, *ſed contra audentior ibat*. He had ſeen enough of human nature, to be convinced, that the paſſions of low, ſelf-intereſted minds, ebb and flow continually. They love they know not whom, they hate they know not why: they are captivated by words: guided by names: and governed by accidents. SACHEVERELL *and the Church* had been of as great ſervice to one party in the year 1710, as *Popery and Slavery* were to the other in the year 1713. But, to ſhew you the ſtrange revolutions in this world,

Dr.

Dr. SWIFT, who was now the deteſtation of the *Iriſh* rabble, lived to be afterwards the moſt abſolute monarch over them that ever governed men.

HIS firſt ſtep, was to reduce to reaſon and obedience his reverend brethren the chapter of St. *Patrick*'s: in which, he ſucceeded ſo perfectly, and ſo ſpeedily, that in a ſhort time after his arrival, not one member of that body offered to contradict him, even in trifles. On the contrary, they held him in the higheſt reſpect and veneration: ſo that he ſat in the Chapter-houſe, like JUPITER in the Synod of the Gods. Whether fear or conviction were the motives of ſo immediate a change, I leave you to conſider, but certain it is

Viro Phœbi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis,

SWIFT made no longer a ſtay in *Ireland*, in the year 1713, than was requiſite to eſtabliſh himſelf as Dean,

and to paſs through certain cuſtoms and formalities, or to uſe his own words,

Through all vexations,
Patents, Inſtalments, Abjurations,
Firſt Fruits, and Tenths, and Chapter-Treats,
Dues, Payments, Fees, Demands, and--Cheats.

DURING the time of theſe ceremonies, he kept a conſtant correſpondence with his friends in *England:* all of whom were eminent, either in birth, ſtation, or abilities. Among theſe, let me begin with the name of Mr. POPE. The world hath already ſeen a long ſeries of their correſpondence: but a remarkable letter of Mr. Pope's having been lately communicated to me, and bearing date at the latter end of the year 1713, as I cannot part with the original, I will ſend you a very faithful copy of it. I ſhould firſt ſay, that it is in anſwer to one from SWIFT, wherein he had jocoſely made an offer to his friend of a ſum of money, *ex cauſâ religionis*, or, in plain engliſh, to induce Mr. POPE to change his religion.

gion. The wit of the letter itſelf will excuſe all farther Commentaries.

Binfield, *December* 8, 1713.

SIR,

NOT to trouble you at preſent with a recital of all my obligations to you, I ſhall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you: your deſire that I ſhould write to you, and your propoſal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion, which laſt you muſt give me leave to make the ſubject of this letter.

SURE no clergyman ever offered ſo much out of his own purſe for the ſake of any religion. 'Tis almoſt as many pieces of gold, as an Apoſtle could get of ſilver from the prieſts of old, on a much more valuable conſideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propoſe a change of my faith by ſubſcription, than a tranſlation of HOMER. *And to convince you, how well diſpoſed I am to the reformation, I ſhall be content, if you can prevail with my Lord Treaſurer, and the mini-*

ſtry, to riſe to the ſame ſum, each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord HALLIFAX *has done on the prophane one. I am afraid there's no being at once a poet and a good Chriſtian, and I am very much ſtraitned between two, while the Whigs ſeem willing to contribute as much, to continue me the one, as you would, to make me the other. But, if you can move every man in the government, who has above ten thouſand pounds a year, to ſubſcribe as much as yourſelf, I ſhall become a convert, as moſt men do, when* the LORD *turns it to my intereſt. I know they have the truth of religion ſo much at heart, that they'd certainly give more to have one good ſubject tranſlated from popery to the church of* England, *than twenty heatheniſh authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore commiſſion you, Mr.* DEAN, *with full authority, to tranſact this affair in my name, and to propoſe as follows. Firſt, that as to the head of our church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whenſoever I ſhall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the Queen.*

As

As to communion in one kind, I ſhall alſo promiſe to change it for communion in both, as ſoon as the miniſtry will allow me.

FOR invocations to ſaints, mine ſhall be turned to dedications to ſinners, when I ſhall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe thoſe of the other are.

YOU ſee I ſhall not be obſtinate in the main points; but there is one article I muſt reſerve, and which you ſeemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whoſe ſouls I wiſh as well, as to my own; and I muſt crave leave, humbly to lay before them, that though the ſubſcriptions above-mentioned will ſuffice for myſelf, there are neceſſary perquiſites and additions, which I muſt demand on the ſcore of this charitable article. It is alſo to be conſidered, that the greater part of thoſe, whoſe ſouls I am moſt concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, ſchiſmatics, poets, painters, or perſons of

ſuch lives and manners, as few or no churches are willing to ſave. The expence will therefore be the greater, to make an effectual proviſion for the ſaid ſouls.

OLD DRYDEN, *though a Roman Catholic, was a poet, and 'tis revealed in the viſions of ſome ancient ſaints, that no poet was ever ſaved under ſome hundred of maſſes. I cannot ſet his delivery from purgatory at leſs than fifty pounds ſterling.*

WALSH *was not only a Socinian, but (what you'll own is harder to be ſaved) a Whig. He cannot modeſtly be rated at leſs than an hundred.*

L'ESTRANGE, *being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds, which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, conſidering they never gave him ſixpence to keep him from ſtarving in this.*

ALL *this together amounts to one hundred and ſeventy pounds.*

IN

In the next place, I muſt deſire you to repreſent, that there are ſeveral of my friends yet living, whom I deſign, God *willing, to outlive, in conſideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing ſhall be allowed to ſave their ſouls who gave them.*

There is one **** *who will dye within theſe few months, with* ******* *one Mr.* Jervas, *who hath grievouſly offended in making the likeneſs of almoſt all things in heaven above and earth below. And one Mr.* Gay, *an unhappy youth, who writes paſtorals during the time of divine ſervice, whoſe caſe is the more deplorable, as he hath miſerably laviſhed away all that ſilver he ſhould have reſerved for his ſoul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.*

I can't pretend to have theſe people honeſtly ſaved under ſome hundred pounds, whether you conſider the difficulty of ſuch a work, or the extreme love and tenderneſs I

bear

bear them, which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done: but indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity, what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

THE person I mean, is Dr. SWIFT; *a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, That too much wit is dangerous to salvation, this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But, I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for,*

for, made me merrier when I was ſick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems on purpoſe, that he might alter them &c.

I ONCE *thought I could never have diſcharged my debt to his kindneſs, but have lately been informed, to my unſpeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For,* MONSIEUR DE MONTAGNE *has aſſured me, "that "the perſon who receives a benefit obliges the "giver:" for ſince the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who adminiſters both the matter and occaſion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impoſſible Dr.* SWIFT *ſhould be ever out of my debt, as matters ſtand already: and, for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from*

his moſt faithful, affectionate

humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

I HAVE *finiſhed the* Rape of the Lock, *but I believe I may ſtay here till* Chriſtmas, *without hindrance of buſineſs.*

IN

In the beginning of the year 1714, Swift returned to *England*. He found his *great* friends, who ſat in the ſeat of power, much diſunited among themſelves. He ſaw the Queen declining in her health, and diſtreſſed in her ſituation: while faction was exerting itſelf, and gathering new ſtrength every day. The part which he had to act upon this occaſion, was not ſo difficult, as it was diſagreeable. He exerted the utmoſt of his ſkill to reunite the miniſters, and to cement the apertures of the ſtate. I could deſcend into very minute particulars, were I to tell you what I have heard him ſay upon this occaſion: but, my deareſt Ham, let me ſpeak to you with my uſual ſincerity. We are at preſent too near that æra, and have had too many unexpected conſequences from it, either to judge impartially, or to write undauntedly, of thoſe tempeſtuous times. Be contented if I tell you, that as ſoon as Swift found his pains fruitleſs, his arguments unavailing, and his endeavours, like

like the ſtone of SYSIPHUS, rolling back upon himſelf, he retired to a friend's houſe in *Berkſhire*, where he remained till the Queen died. So fatal a cataſtrophe put a final period to all his views in *England*, and made him return, as faſt as poſſible, to his deanery in *Ireland*, loaded with thoſe agonizing paſſions, grief and diſcontent. I am ſorry to leave him in ſo uneaſy a ſituation, but I muſt haſten to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER VI.

WE are now, dear HAMILTON, no longer to behold Dr. SWIFT of any importance in *England:* his hopes there are cruſhed for ever: his miniſterial friends are degraded, baniſhed, or impriſoned. Indecent rage, ſanguinary zeal, and

and ill-tempered loyalty revelled at large throughout the three kingdoms, eſpecially in *Ireland*, where duels were fought almoſt every week, and where the peſt was ſo univerſal, that the ladies were as violent as the gentlemen. Even children at ſchool quarrelled for Kings, inſtead of fighting for apples.

As SWIFT was known to have been attached to the Queen's laſt miniſtry, to have written againſt the Whigs, and "*to* "*have oiled many a ſpring which* HARLEY "*moved*," he met with frequent indignities from the populace, and indeed was equally abuſed by perſons of all ranks and denominations. Such a treatment ſoured his temper, confined his acquaintance, and added bitterneſs to his ſtyle: and, ſince the future part of his life and writings is to differ, in all circumſtances, ſo widely from the paſt, ſince his ſtudies and companions, his politics and his cuſtoms, are now to be altered and exchanged for new habits, new friends, new ambition, and a

new

new world, ſuffer me, my HAM, to take a general review of him as an author.

IF we conſider his proſe works, we ſhall find a certain maſterly conciſeneſs in their ſtyle, that hath never been equalled by any other writer. The truth of this aſſertion will more evidently appear, by comparing him with ſome of the authors of his own time. Of theſe Dr. TILLOTSON, and Mr. ADDISON, are to be numbered among the moſt eminent. ADDISON hath all the powers that can captivate and improve: his diction is eaſy, his periods are well turned, his expreſſions are flowing, and his humour is delicate. TILLOTSON is nervous, grave, majeſtic, and perſpicuous. We muſt join both theſe characters together to form a true idea of Dr. SWIFT: yet as he outdoes ADDISON in humour, he excels TILLOTSON in perſpicuity. The Archbiſhop indeed confined himſelf to ſubjects relative to his profeſſion: but ADDISON and SWIFT are more diffuſive writers. They continually

vary

vary in their manner, and treat different topics in a different ſtyle. When the writings of ADDISON terminate in party, he loſes himſelf extremely, and from a delicate, and juſt comedian, deviates into one of the loweſt kind[a]. Not ſo Dr. SWIFT: he appears like a maſterly gladiator. He wields the ſword of party with eaſe, juſtneſs and dexterity: and while he entertains the ignorant and the vulgar, he draws an equal attention from the learned and the great. When he is ſerious, his gravity becomes him. When he laughs, his readers muſt laugh with him. But, what ſhall be ſaid for his love of trifles, and his want of delicacy and decorum? Errors, that if he did not contract, at leaſt he encreaſed in *Ireland*. They are without a parallel. I hope they will ever remain ſo. The firſt of them, aroſe merely from his love of flattery, with which he was daily fed in that kingdom: the ſecond, proceeded from the miſanthropy of his diſpoſition, which induced him peeviſhly to

[a] See the papers intitled the Freeholder.

to debaſe mankind, and even to ridicule human nature itſelf. Politics were his favourite topic, as they gave him an opportunity of gratifying his ambition, and thirſt of power: yet in this road, he has ſeldom continued long in one path. He has written miſcellaneouſly, and has choſen rather to appear a wandering comet, than a fixed ſtar. Had he applied the faculties of his mind to one great, and uſeful work, he muſt have ſhined more glorioufly, and might have enlightened a whole planetary ſyſtem in the political world.

The poetical performances of Dr. Swift ought to be conſidered as occaſional poems framed either to pleaſe, or vex ſome particular perſons. We muſt not ſuppoſe them deſigned for poſterity: if he had cultivated his genius in that way, he muſt certainly have excelled, eſpecially in Satyr. We ſee fine ſketches, in ſeveral of his pieces: but he ſeems more deſirous to inform, and ſtrengthen

his mind, than to indulge the luxuriancy of his imagination. He chooſes to diſcover, and correct errors in the works of others, rather than to illuſtrate, and add beauties to his own. Like a ſkilful artiſt, he is fond of probing wounds to their depth, and of enlarging them to open view. He prefers cauſtics, which erode proud fleſh, to ſofter balſamics, which give more immediate eaſe. He aims to be ſeverely uſeful, rather than politely engaging: and as he was either not formed, or would not take pains to excel in poetry, he became, in ſome meaſure, ſuperior to it; and aſſumed more the air and manners of a critic, than of a poet. Had he lived in the ſame age with HORACE, he would have approached nearer to him, than any other poet: and if we may make an allowance for the different courſe of ſtudy, and different form of government, to which each of theſe great men were ſubject, we may obſerve, in ſeveral inſtances, a ſtrong reſemblance between them. Both poets are equally

diſtinguiſhed for wit and humour. Each diſplays a peculiar felicity in diction: but, of the two, HORACE is the more elegant and delicate: while he condemns, he pleaſes. SWIFT takes pleaſure in giving pain: The diſſimilitude of their tempers might be owing to the different turns in their fortune. SWIFT early formed large views of ambition, and was diſappointed. HORACE, from an exiled low ſtate, roſe into affluence, and enjoyed the favour and friendſhip of AUGUSTUS. Each poet was the delight of the principal perſons of his age. *Cum magnis vixiſſe* was not more applicable to HORACE, than to SWIFT. They both were temperate: both were frugal; and both were of the ſame Epicurean taſte. HORACE had his LYDIA, SWIFT had his VANESSA. HORACE had his MECÆNAS, and his AGRIPPA. SWIFT had his OXFORD and his BOLINGBROKE. HORACE had his VIRGIL, SWIFT had his POPE.

AFTER the great Names, which I have juſt now mentioned, it is matter of aſtoniſhment to find the ſame perſon, who had enjoyed the higheſt, and the beſt converſation, equally delighted with the loweſt and the worſt: and yet it is certain, that from SWIFT's ſettlement in *Dublin* as Dean of St. *Patrick*'s, his choice of companions in general ſhewed him of a very depraved taſte.

FROM the year ſeventeen hundred and fourteen, till he appeared in the year twenty, a champion for *Ireland* againſt WOOD's halfpence, his ſpirit of politics, and of patriotiſm, was kept almoſt cloſely confined within his own breaſt. Idleneſs and trifles engroſſed too many of his hours: fools and ſycophants too much of his converſation. However, let me obſerve to you, that the treatment which he received, after the death of Queen ANN, was almoſt a ſufficient reaſon to juſtify a contempt, if not an abhorrence of the human race.

He

He had bravely withſtood all hoſtile indignities, during the life time of that Princeſs; but when the whole army of his friends were not only routed, but taken priſoners, he dropt his ſword, and retired into his fortification at *Dublin*, from whence he ſeldom ſtirred beyond the limits of his own garden, unleſs in great indulgence to ſome particular favourites.

His attendance upon the public ſervice of the church was regular and uninterrupted: and indeed regularity was peculiar to him in all his actions, even in the greateſt trifles. His hours of walking, and reading, never varied: His motions were guided by his watch, which was ſo conſtantly held in his hand, or placed before him upon his table, that he ſeldom deviated many minutes, in the daily revolution of his exerciſes and employments. His works, from the year 1714, to the year 1720, are few in number, and of ſmall importance. Poems to STELLA, and trifles to Dr. SHERIDAN, fill up a great part of that period.

In the year 1720, he began to re-aſſume, in ſome degree, the character of a political writer. A ſmall pamphlet *in defence of the Iriſh manufactures*, was, I believe, his firſt eſſay (in *Ireland)* in that kind of writing; and to that pamphlet, he owed the turn of the popular tide in his favour [a]. His ſayings of wit and humour had been handed about, and repeated from time to time among the people. They had the effect of an artful preface, and had pre-engaged all readers in his favour. They were adapted to the underſtanding, and pleaſed the imagination of the vulgar: and he was now looked upon in a new light, and diſtinguiſhed by the title of THE DEAN.

The flux and reflux of popular love and hatred are equally violent. They are often owing to accidents, but ſometimes to the return of reaſon, which, unaſſiſted by education, may not be able to guide the

[a] See Letter 16th.

the lower claſs of people, into the right tract at the beginning, but will be ſufficient to keep them in it, when experience has pointed out the road. The pamphlet, propoſing the univerſal uſe of *Iriſh* manufactures *within the kingdom*, had captivated all hearts. *Some little pieces of poetry to the ſame purpoſe*, were no leſs acceptable and engaging. The attachment which the Dean bore to the true intereſt of *Ireland*, was no longer doubted. His patriotiſm was as manifeſt as his wit. He was looked upon with pleaſure and reſpect, as he paſſed through the ſtreets: and he had attained ſo high a degree of popularity, as to become an arbitrator in the diſputes of property among his neighbours: nor did any man dare to appeal from his opinion, or to murmur at his decrees.

BUT the popular affection, which the Dean had hitherto acquired, may be ſaid not to have been univerſal, till the publication of the DRAPIER's *letters*, which made all ranks, and all profeſſions una-

nimous in his applauſe. The occaſion of thoſe letters was a ſcarcity of copper coin in *Ireland*, to ſo great a degree, that for ſome time paſt the chief manufacturers throughout the kingdom, were obliged to pay their workmen in pieces of tin, or in other tokens of ſuppoſititious value. Such a method was very diſadvantageous to the lower Parts of traffic, and was in general an impediment to the commerce of the ſtate. To remedy this evil, the late King granted a patent to WILLIAM WOOD, to coin, during the term of fourteen years, farthings and halfpence in *England* for the uſe of *Ireland*, to the value of a certain ſum ſpecified. Theſe halfpence and farthings were to be received by thoſe perſons, who would voluntarily accept them. But the patent was thought of ſuch dangerous conſequence to the public, and of ſuch exorbitant advantage to the patentee, that the DEAN, under the character of M. B. DRAPIER, wrote a letter to the people, warning them not to accept WOOD's halfpence

halfpence and farthings as current coin. This firſt letter was ſucceeded by ſeveral others to the ſame purpoſe, all which are inſerted in his works.

At the ſound of the Drapier's trumpet, a ſpirit aroſe among the people, that, in the eaſtern phraſe, was *like unto a tempeſt in the day of the whirlwind.* Every perſon of every rank, party, and denomination, was convinced, that the admiſſion of Wood's copper muſt prove fatal to the commonwealth. The Papiſt, the Fanatic, the Tory, the Whig, all liſted themſelves volunteers under the banner of M. B. Drapier, and were all equally zealous to ſerve the common cauſe. Much heat, and many fiery ſpeeches againſt the adminiſtration, were the conſequence of this union: nor had the flames been allayed, notwithſtanding threats and proclamations, had not the coin been totally ſuppreſſed, and had not Wood withdrawn his patent.

This

THIS is the moſt ſuccinct account that can be given of an affair, which alarmed the whole *Iriſh* nation to a degree, that in a leſs loyal kingdom muſt have fomented a rebellion: but the ſtedfaſt loyalty of the *Iriſh*, and their true devotion to the preſent royal family is immoveable: and although this unfortunate nation may not hitherto have found many diſtinguiſhing marks of favour and indulgence from the throne, yet it is to be hoped, in time they may meet with their reward.

THE name of AUGUSTUS was not beſtowed upon OCTAVIUS CÆSAR with more univerſal approbation, than the name of THE DRAPIER was beſtowed upon THE DEAN. He had no ſooner aſſumed his new *cognomen*, than he became the idol of the people of *Ireland* to a degree of devotion, that in the moſt ſuperſtitious country ſcarce any idol ever obtained. Libations to his health, or, in plain engliſh, bumpers, were poured forth

to

to the DRAPIER as *large* and as *frequent*, as to the *glorious and immortal memory of King* WILLIAM *the third*. His effigies were painted in every ſtreet in *Dublin*. Acclamations and vows for his proſperity attended his footſteps wherever he paſſed. He was conſulted in all Points relating to domeſtic policy in general, and to the trade of *Ireland* in particular: but he was more immediately looked upon as the legiſlator of the weavers, who frequently came in a body, conſiſting of fifty or ſixty chieftains of their trade, to receive his advice, in ſettling the rates of their manufactures, and the wages of their Journeymen. He received their addreſſes with leſs majeſty than ſternneſs, and ranging his ſubjects in a circle round his parlour, ſpoke as copiouſly, and with as little difficulty and heſitation, to the ſeveral points in which they ſupplicated his aſſiſtance, as if trade had been the only ſtudy and employment of his life. When elections were depending for the city of *Dublin*, many corporations refuſed to declare themſelves, till they

they had conſulted his ſentiments and inclinations, which were punctually followed with equal chearfulneſs and ſubmiſſion. In this ſtate of power, and popular love and admiration, he remained till he loſt his ſenſes: a loſs which he ſeemed to foreſee, and prophetically lamented to many of his friends *.

I HAVE now conducted the Dean through the moſt intereſting circumſtances of his life, to the fatal period wherein he was utterly deprived of reaſon. If your curioſity leads you to enquire into the particulars of that misfortune, it muſt be the ſubject of ſome future letter: for, at preſent, I think it is time to indulge myſelf in aſſuring you, that I am with an inexpreſſible warmth of heart, my dear HAMILTON,

Your moſt affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

* See Letter XXI.

LET-

LETTER VII.

My dear HAMILTON,

YOU ſeem not only deſirous, but impatient, that I ſhould paſs critically thorough all the works of my friend SWIFT. Your requeſt is unreaſonable if you imagine, that I muſt ſay ſomething upon every individual performance. There are ſome pieces that I deſpiſe, others that I loath, but many more that delight and improve me: and theſe laſt ſhall be diſcuſſed particularly. The former are not worthy of your notice. They are of no farther uſe than to ſhew us, in general, the errors of human nature; and to convince us, that neither the height of wit, nor genius, can bring a man to ſuch a degree of perfection, as vanity would often prompt him to believe.

In a diſquiſition of the ſort which you require, I ſhall avoid as much as poſſible any annotations upon that kind of ſatyr, in which the Dean indulged himſelf againſt particular perſons: moſt of whom it is probable provoked his rage by their own miſconduct, and conſequently owed to their own raſhneſs the wounds which they received from his pen: but I have no delight in thoſe kind of writings, except for the ſake of the wit, which, either in general, or in particular ſatyr, is equally to be admired, The edge of wit will always remain keen, and its blade will be bright and ſhining, when the ſtone, upon which it has been whetted, is worn out, or thrown aſide and forgotten. Perſonal ſatyr againſt evil magiſtrates, corrupt miniſters, and thoſe giants of power, who gorge themſelves with the entrails of their country, is different from that perſonal ſatyr, which too often proceeds merely from ſelf-love, or ill-nature: the one, is written in defence of the

the public, the other, in defence of ourſelves. The one, is armed by the ſword of juſtice, and encouraged not only by the voice of the people, but by the principles of morality: the other, is dictated by paſſion, ſupported by pride, and applauded by flattery. At the ſame time that I ſay this, I think every man of wit has a right to laugh at fools, who give offence, or at coxcombs, who are public nuſances. SWIFT indeed has left no weapon of ſarcaſm untried, no branch of ſatyr uncultivated: but while he has maintained a perpetual war againſt the mighty men in power, he has remained invulnerable, if not victorious.

UPON a review of the Dean's writings, it cannot be ſufficiently lamented, that there is no juſt, or perfect edition of his works. FAULKNER's edition, at leaſt the four firſt volumes of it (for there are now eight) were publiſhed, by the permiſſion and connivance, if not by the particular appointment of the Dean himſelf.

But

But the ſeveral pieces are thrown together without any order or regularity whatever: ſo that like the ancient chaos which contained an immenſe collection of various treaſures, they remain in their ſtate of confuſion *rudis indigeſtaque moles:* and yet the incoherency of ſituation is perhaps one of the moſt excuſable faults in the collection: for the materials are of ſo different, and ſo incongruous a nature, that it ſeems as if the author, (who was in reality the editor) imagined the public under an abſolute neceſſity of accepting the baſeſt coin from the ſame hand, that had exhibited the pureſt. Surely the idle amuſements of a man's private and domeſtic life, are not to be ſent forth as ſufficient entertainments for the witty or the learned. Poſthumous works indeed are often worthleſs and improper, from the ill judged zeal of ignorant executors, or imprudent friends: but, a living author remains without excuſe, who either wilfully, or wantonly impoſes upon the world.

The Engliſh edition of Swift's works I have ſcarce ſeen; and I have had little inclination to examine it, becauſe I was acquainted with the Dean, at the time when Faulkner's edition came out, and therefore muſt always look upon that copy as moſt authentic; well knowing that Mr. Faulkner had the advantage of printing his edition, by the conſent and approbation of the author himſelf. The four firſt volumes were publiſhed by ſubſcription, and every ſheet of them was brought to the Dean for his reviſal and correction. The two next were publiſhed in the ſame manner. The ſeventh volume was printed from a number of ſurreptitious letters publiſhed in England: and the eighth volume did not come out till after the Dean's death. In the publication of the ſix firſt volumes, the ſituation and arrangement of each particular piece, in verſe and proſe, was left entirely to the editor. In that point, the Dean either

could not, or would not give him the leaſt aſſiſtance. The dates were often gueſſed at, and every ſcrap was thruſt into the parcel that might augment the collection. Such a conduct has been productive of a confuſion that offends the eye, and miſleads the underſtanding. We have leſs pleaſure in looking at a palace built at different times, and put together by ignorant workmen, than in viewing a plain regular building compoſed by a maſterly hand in all the beauty of ſymmetry and order. The materials of the former may be more valuable, but the ſimplicity of the latter is more acceptable. For health and exerciſe who would not chuſe rather to walk upon a platform than in a labyrinth? or, who does not wiſh to ſee an edition of SWIFT's works becoming the genius, and dignity of the author? When ſuch an edition is undertaken, I ſhould hope that all the *minutiæ* of his idle hours might be entirely excluded: or at leaſt placed, like

out

out buildings, at a diſtance from the chief edifices of ſtate.

Swift was naturally fond of ſeeing his works in print, and he was encouraged in this fondneſs by his friend Dr. Sheridan, who had the *cacoethes ſcribendi*, to the greateſt degree, and was continually letting off ſquibs, rockets, and all ſorts of little fireworks from the preſs: by which means he offended many particular perſons, who, although they ſtood in awe of Swift, held Sheridan at defiance. The truth is, the poor Doctor by nature the moſt peaceable, inoffenſive man alive, was in a continual ſtate of warfare with the minor poets, and they revenged themſelves, or, in the ſtyle of Mr. Bays, often gave him *flaſh for flaſh*, and *ſinged his feathers*. The affection between Theseus and Perithous was not greater than the affection between Swift and Sheridan: but the friendſhip that cemented the two antient heroes

probably commenced upon motives very different from thoſe which united the two modern divines. As in a former letter, I drew a picture of SWIFT's wife[a], let me here give you ſome ſketches of SWIFT's friend.

DR. SHERIDAN was a ſchoolmaſter, and in many inſtances, perfectly well adapted for that ſtation. He was deeply verſed in the Greek and Roman languages; and in their cuſtoms and antiquities. He had that kind of good-nature, which abſence of mind, indolence of body, and careleſneſs of fortune produce: and although not over ſtrict in his own conduct, yet he took care of the morality of his ſcholars, whom he ſent to the Univerſity remarkably well founded in all claſſical learning, and not ill inſtructed in the ſocial duties of life. He was ſlovenly, indigent, and chearful. He knew books much better than men: and

[a] Letter II. page 22.

and he knew the value of money leaſt of all. In this ſituation, and with this diſpoſition, SWIFT faſtened upon him, as upon a prey with which he intended to regale himſelf, whenever his appetite ſhould prompt him. SHERIDAN therefore was kept conſtantly within his reach: and the only time he was permitted to go beyond the limits of his chain, was to take poſſeſſion of a living in the county of *Corke*, which had been beſtowed upon him by the then Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, the preſent Earl of *Granville*. SHERIDAN, in one fatal moment, or by one fatal text, effected his own ruin. You will find the ſtory told by SWIFT himſelf, in the fourth volume of his works[a]: ſo that here I need only tell you, that this ill-ſtarred, good-natured, improvident man returned to *Dublin*, unhinged from all favour

[a] Page 289. In a pamphlet entitled, A Vindication of his Excellency JOHN Lord CARTERET from the charge of favouring none but Tories, High Churchmen, and Jacobites.

favour at court, and even baniſhed from the caſtle. But ſtill he remained a punſter, a quibbler, a fiddler, and a wit. Not a day paſſed without a rebus, an anagram, or a madrigal. His pen and his fiddle-ſtick were in continual motion; and yet to little or no purpoſe, if we may give credit to the following verſes, which ſhall ſerve as the concluſion of his poetical character.

With muſic and poetry equally bleſs'd,
A bard thus APOLLO moſt humbly addreſs'd,
Great author of poetry, muſic, and light,
Inſtructed by thee I both fiddle and write:
Yet unheeded I ſcrape, or I ſcribble all day,
My tunes are neglected, my verſe flung away.
Thy ſubſtitute here, VICE-APOLLO[a] diſdains,
To vouch for my Numbers, or liſt to my ſtrains.
Thy manual ſign he refuſes to put
To the airs I produce from the pen, or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great PHOEBUS, and grant
Relief; or reward to my merit, or want.
Tho' the DEAN and DELANY[b] tranſcendently ſhine,
O! brighten one ſolo, or ſonnet of mine.

Make

[a] Dr. SWIFT.
[b] Now Dean of *Downe*.

Make one work immortal; 'tis all I requeſt;
APOLLO look'd pleas'd, and reſolving to jeſt,
Replied, honeſt friend, I've conſider'd your caſe,
Nor diſlike your unmeaning, and innocent face.
Your petition I grant, the boon is not great,
Your works ſhall continue, and here's the receipt,
On [a] *Roundos* hereafter your fiddle-ſtrings ſpend,
Write verſes in circles, they never ſhall end.

IN the courſe of my correſpondence, my dear HAM, you may poſſibly obſerve ſome ſeeming contradictions, as I am purſuing the Dean through the mazy turnings of his character. But, they will eaſily be reconciled, when you conſider, that of all mankind, SWIFT perhaps had the greateſt contraſts in his temper. He often put me in mind of that wild opinion, which PLUTARCH ſays was entertained by the ſages of old, "That "we are ſubject to the influence of two "principles, or deities, who are in con-"ſtant

[a] A ſong, or peculiar kind of poetry, which returns to the beginning of the firſt verſe, and ſo continues in a perpetual rotation.

" ſtant oppoſition to each other: the " one directing us to the right hand, " and through the right road, the other " driving us aſtray, and oppoſing us from " purſuing the tract pointed out by his " adverſary." The Manichean hereſy, you know, has been built upon this hypotheſis: and it is not impoſſible (as the doctrine itſelf was propagated before the time of MANES) that ſome antient ſpeculative philoſopher may have invented ſuch a kind of mythology, merely to ſolve the various contradictions which he found fluctuating within his own breaſt.

YOU will poſſibly expect from me a collection of apophthegms, which the Dean may have uttered upon various occaſions. But, the witty records of table-talk, in my mind ſeem too minute and over curious; at leaſt I muſt wiſh to treat with you upon ſubjects of more importance. I mean ſuch ſubjects as will teach you to follow ſome moral virtue, or to ſhun ſome moral evil.

FORGIVE

Forgive me too, if I am now and then guilty of repetitions. In reviewing the ſame perſon ſo often, the ſame thoughts, if not the ſame expreſſions will inevitably occur. But, excuſes for theſe kind of errors, are, I hope, unneceſſary. Candour and truth are the chief points that I have had in view, knowing them to be coincident with your own manner of thinking.

You are now ſufficiently prepared for that particular edition of Swift's works, which I intend to purſue: and I ſhall undertake the performance with great pleaſure and alacrity, becauſe I flatter myſelf it may be acceptable to you, as it comes from

Your moſt affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

I WAS very glad to be interrupted, by your unexpected viſit. The ſight of you, and the happineſs which I conſtantly receive in your company, are recollected by me in your abſence, with ſuch a kind of inexpreſſible pleaſure, as the warmeſt affection and the trueſt tenderneſs inſpire: and as I am always earneſt to comply with your requeſts, I take the earlieſt opportunity of going on with a plan, that hitherto has received the encouragement of your filial partiality.

THE firſt volume of FAULKNER's edition conſiſts of various tracts jumbled together, without any regularity or order. The firſt treatiſe in this volume is entitled, *A diſcourſe of the conteſts and diſſentions between the nobles and commons in* ATHENS *and* ROME. It was written in the year 1701,

1701, towards the latter end of King WILLIAM's reign, and at a time, when that Prince was made extremely uneaſy, by the violence with which ſome of his miniſters, and chief favourites were purſued. However bright the crown of *England* might have glittered in the eyes of the Prince of *Orange*, he found it, when placed upon his head, a crown of thorns. The longer he wore the diadem, the bandelet ſtill became more tight and irkſome. Complaints, and enquiries aroſe in the ſenate. Feuds, and unchriſtian animoſities, in the convocation. Nor had foreign affairs a more propitious aſpect. LEWIS the fourteenth was making large ſtrides towards univerſal monarchy. Plots were carrying on at St. GERMAIN's. The *Dutch* had acknowledged the Duke of ANJOU as King of SPAIN: and EUROPE in general ſeemed pregnant of fire, and ready to burſt into flames. Thus began the year 1701. King WILLIAM in hopes to diſpel this ſulphureous body of clouds, which

which ſeemed to threaten ſome future thunder of extraordinary violence, had made ſeveral changes in his miniſtry, and had removed ſome of his faithfulleſt ſervants from places of the higheſt truſt and dignity. The alteration proved of little or no effect. The animoſity of the houſe of commons could not be appeaſed. They looked upon the deprivation of lucrative employments, as an inſufficient puniſhment for high crimes and miſdemeanours: and they began firſt by impeaching the Earl of PORTLAND [a]; and then proceeded to the impeachments of Lord SOMERS [b], the Earl of ORFORD [c], and the Earl of HALLIFAX [d].

THESE

[a] WILLIAM BENTINCK, Earl of PORTLAND, Groom of the ſtole.

[b] JOHN SOMERS, Baron SOMERS of *Eveſham*. Firſt, Lord Keeper: afterwards, Lord High Chancellor.

[c] EDWARD RUSSELL, Earl of ORFORD. Treaſurer of the Navy, and One of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty.

[d] CHARLES MOUNTAGUE, Earl of HALLIFAX. Appointed One of the Commiſſioners of the Treaſury; and afterwards made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

These were all great men; and the three laſt were of remarkable abilities and experience. Lord Somers was the general patron of the *literati*, and the particular friend of Dr. Swift. The Earl of Orford had been conſidered in a manner as lord high admiral; the whole affairs of the navy having been committed to his charge. Lord Hallifax had a fine genius for poetry, and had employed his more youthful part of life in that ſcience. He was diſtinguiſhed by the name of Mouse Mountague, having ridiculed jointly with Mat Prior, Mr. Dryden's famous poem of the Hind and Panther. The parody is drawn from Horace's fable of the City Mouſe and Country Mouſe, and begins,

A milk white mouſe, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on ſoft cheeſe, and o'er the dairy rang'd.

But afterwards, upon Mr. Mountague's promotion to the chancellorſhip of

of the Exchequer, PRIOR, with a good-humoured indignation at ſeeing his friend preferred, and himſelf neglected, concludes an epiſtle written in the year 1698, to FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD, Eſq; with theſe three lines,

My friend CHARLES MOUNTAGUE*'s prefer'd,*
Nor wou'd I have it long obſerv'd,
That one mouſe eats, while t'other's ſtarv'd.

YOU will find the characters of the four impeached lords deſcribed under *Athenian* names. PHOCION is the Earl of PORTLAND. ARISTIDES is Lord SOMERS, THEMISTOCLES is the Earl of ORFORD. PERICLES is the Earl of HALLIFAX. In parallels of this ſort, it is impoſſible that every circumſtance ſhould tally with the utmoſt exactneſs: but the whole treatiſe is full of hiſtorical knowledge, and excellent reflexions. It is not mixed with any improper ſallies of wit, or any light airs of humour: and in point of ſtyle and learning, is

equal

equal, if not ſuperior, to any of his political works.

SUBSEQUENT to *the diſcourſe concerning Athens and Rome*, is a paper written in the year 1703, in deriſion of the ſtyle and manner of Mr. ROBERT BOYLE. To what a height muſt the ſpirits of ſarcaſm ariſe in an author, who could prevail upon himſelf to ridicule ſo good a man as Mr. BOYLE? But, the ſword of wit, like the ſcythe of time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every object that accidently lies in its way. However, ſharp and irreſiſtible as the edge of it may be, Mr. BOYLE will always remain invulnerable.

THE ſentiments of a church-of-England man with reſpect to religion and government, was written in the year 1708. It is adapted to that particular period. The ſtyle of the whole pamphlet is nervous, and, except in ſome few places, impartial. The ſtate of *Holland* is ſo juſtly, and

and, at the ſame time, ſo conciſely delineated, that I cannot help tranſcribing it. Speaking of the *Dutch*, the author ſays, "*They are a commonwealth founded on a* "*ſudden, by a deſperate attempt on a deſ-* "*perate condition, not formed or digeſted* "*into a regular ſyſtem by mature thought* "*and reaſon, but huddled up under the* "*preſſure of ſudden exigencies; calculated* "*for no long duration, and hitherto ſub-* "*ſiſting by accident in the midſt of con-* "*tending powers, who cannot* yet *agree* "*about ſharing it amongſt them.*" This tract is very well worth your reading and attention: and it confirms an obſervation which will perpetually occur, that SWIFT excels in whatever ſtyle or manner he aſſumes. When he is in earneſt, his ſtrength of reaſon carries with it conviction. When in jeſt, every competitor in the race of wit is left behind him.

THE *argument againſt aboliſhing Chriſtianity* is carried on with the higheſt wit

wit and humour. Graver divines threaten their readers with future puniſhments: SWIFT artfully exhibits a picture of preſent ſhame. He judged rightly in imagining that a ſmall treatiſe, written with a ſpirit of mirth and freedom, muſt be more efficacious, than long ſermons, or laborious leſſons of morality. He endeavours to laugh us into religion; well knowing, that we are often laughed out of it. As you have not read the pamphlet, excuſe a quotation, to which may be prefixed the old proverb *ex pede Herculem*. "*I would fain know* (ſays the "Dean) *how it can be pretended, that the "churches are miſapplied. Where are "more appointments and rendezvouſes of "gallantry? Where more care to appear "in the foremoſt box with greater advan-"tage of dreſs? Where more meetings for "buſineſs? Where more bargains driven "of all ſorts? And where ſo many conve-"niencies or incitements to ſleep?*"

THE papers which immediately follow are entirely humorous, and relate to PARTRIDGE the almanac maker: and although they are not only temporary, but local, yet by an art peculiar to SWIFT himſelf, they are rendered immortal, ſo as to be read with pleaſure, as long as the Engliſh language ſubſiſts.

To theſe, ſucceeds *A project for the advancement of religion, and the reformation of manners*, written in the year 1709, and dedicated to the Counteſs of BERKLEY. The author appears in earneſt throughout the whole treatiſe, and the dedication, or introduction, is in a ſtrain of ſerious panegyric, which the Lady, to whom it is addreſſed, undoubtedly deſerved. But as the pamphlet is of the ſatirical kind, I am apt to imagine, that my friend the Dean put a violence upon himſelf, in chuſing to appear candidly ſerious, rather than to ſmile under his

uſual

uſual maſk of gravity. Read it, and tell me your opinion: for methinks, upon theſe occaſions, I perceive him writing in ſhackles.

The tritical eſſay on the faculties of the mind, will make you ſmile.

The letter to the Earl of Oxford *for correcting, improving, and aſcertaining the* Engliſh *tongue* might have been a very uſeful performance, if it had been longer, and leſs eclypſed by compliments to the noble perſon to whom it is addreſſed. It ſeems to have been intended as a preface to ſome more enlarged deſign: at the head of which ſuch an introduction muſt have appeared with great propriety. A work of this kind is much wanted, as our language, inſtead of being improved, is every day growing worſe, and more debaſed. We bewilder ourſelves in various orthography; we ſpeak, and we write at random; and if a man's common converſation were to be committed

to paper, he would be ſtartled *for to* find himſelf guilty in *a few* ſentences, of ſo many ſoleciſms and ſuch falſe Engliſh. I believe we are the only people in the Chriſtian world, who repeat the Lord's Prayer, in an ungrammatical manner: and I remember to have heard, that when a motion was made in the convocation to alter the word [which] for the word [who] the propoſition was rejected by the majority. This inſtance may ſhew you of what ſort of men, the moſt learned, and even the moſt reverend aſſemblies, are ſometimes compoſed. But let us conſider the conduct of a neighbouring nation. How induſtrious have the French been to improve their language? and to what a ſtate of perfection have they brought it? *Rome*, by her conqueſts, made her dialect univerſal: *France*, by her policy, has done the ſame. By policy, I mean the encouragement of arts and ſciences; which will often render a nation more powerful than arms. Nothing has contributed ſo much to the purity

purity and excellence of the French tongue, as the noble academies eſtabliſhed for that purpoſe: and, until ſome public work of the ſame kind is undertaken in *England*, we cannot flatter ourſelves with any hopes of amending the errors, or aſcertaining the limits of our ſtyle. I ſhall not preſume even to whiſper to you, that I think a deſign of this ſort is ſufficiently momentous to attract the conſideration of our legiſlative powers. Their thoughts are otherways employed, and their faculties otherways applied. But I will venture to ſay, that if to our hoſpitals for lunatics, an hoſpital was added for the reception, and ſupport of men of ſenſe and learning, it would be of the higheſt honour to the preſent age, and of no leſs advantage to poſterity. I call it an hoſpital, becauſe I ſuppoſe it to be erected for the benefit of ſuch perſons, whoſe infirm fortunes, or diſeaſed revenues, may have rendered the ſtrength and abilities of their minds weak and uſeleſs to the public: for I entirely agree with Aristotle,

where he ſays, in the words of his ſcholiaſt, *Eum præclara et magna vix poſſe exequi et præſtare, cui facultates deſunt: quoniam per amicos et civilem potentiam veluti per inſtrumenta neceſſe eſt pleraque effici.* The reflexions, that ariſe from this theme, I find, are driving me beyond the bounds of a letter: therefore I ſhall only add, that I heartily wiſh you may think an attention to your native language as uſeful, and improving a ſtudy, as can be purſued, in whatever ſtation of life Providence may allot you.

THERE are two other letters in this volume extremely worthy of your notice. The one is, *To a young Gentleman lately entered into holy orders.* The other is, *To a young lady on her marriage.* The former, ought to be read by all the young clergymen in the three kingdoms, and the latter, by all the new married women. But, here again is the peculiar felicity of SWIFT's writings; the letters are addreſſed only to a young clergyman and a young

young lady, but they are adapted to every age and underſtanding. They contain obſervations that delight and improve every mind; and they will be read with pleaſure and advantage, by the oldeſt, and moſt exemplary divines, and by the moſt diſtinguiſhed, and moſt accompliſhed ladies.

THE reſt of the volume is filled up with ſhort tracts, and papers of various ſorts: moſtly humorous and entertaining. You will laugh at the ſtory in one of the *Intelligencers*, of *Whiſk* and *Swobbers*: and you will wiſh *the Tatler* on thoſe inferior duties of life, called *Les petites Morales*, hung up in every 'ſquire's hall in *England*. I am, my deareſt HAMILTON,

Your moſt affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER IX.

WE are now come, my dear HAMILTON, to the ſecond volume of SWIFT's works. It is filled with poetry: but the poems in general are ſhort and ſatirical. The poem of the greateſt length, and, I believe, the longeſt ever compoſed by Dr. SWIFT, is of a very extraordinary nature, and upon a very extraordinary ſubject. It is called CADENUS and VANESSA. As a poem, it is excellent in its kind, perfectly correct, and admirably conducted. SWIFT, who had the niceſt ear, is remarkably chaſte and delicate in his rhymes. A bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital ſins in poetry; and yet it is a ſin into which ſome of our greateſt poets have fallen. DRYDEN frequently: POPE ſometimes. The former was embarraſſed with a wife

and

and family, and was often under ſuch neceſſitous circumſtances as to be obliged to publiſh, or to want ſubſiſtence. The latter was in a leſs confined, and in a much more eaſy ſituation: he was naturally judicious, and uncommonly attentive to maintain the dignity of his character. Although his body was weak, his mind was equal to the weight of his laurel crown; and he wore it not only with eaſe, but majeſty. Take him as a poet, *we ſhall not ſee his like again.* But why do I keep you in ſuſpenſe? you are impatient, I dare ſay, to know ſome particulars of VANESSA. Her real name was ESTHER VANHOMRIGH[a]. She was one of the daughters of BARTHOLOMEW VANHOMRIGH, a Dutch merchant of *Amſterdam*, who, upon the revolution, went into *Ireland*, and was appointed by King WILLIAM, a commiſſioner of the revenue. Her mother, whoſe name I forget, was born in *Ireland*, of very mean extraction. The Dutch merchant, by

[a] The name is pronounced VANNUMMERY.

by parſimony and prudence, had collected a fortune of about ſixteen thouſand pounds: he bequeathed an equal diviſion of it to his wife and his four children, of which two were ſons, and two were daughters. The ſons, after the death of their father, travelled abroad. The eldeſt died beyond ſea, and the youngeſt, ſurviving his brother only a ſhort time, the whole patrimony fell to his two ſiſters, ESTHER and MARY.

WITH this increaſe of wealth, and with heads and hearts elated by affluence, and unreſtrained by foreſight or diſcretion, the widow VANHOMRIGH and her two daughters quitted the illuxurious ſoil of their native country, for the more elegant pleaſures of the Engliſh court. During their reſidence at *London*, they lived in a courſe of prodigality that ſtretched itſelf far beyond the limits of their income, and reduced them to great diſtreſs; in the midſt of which, the mother died, and the two daughters haſtened

ened in all ſecrecy back to *Ireland*, beginning their journey on a Sunday, to avoid the interruption, and importunities of a certain fierce kind of animals called bailiffs, who are not only ſworn foes to wit and gaiety, but whoſe tyranny, although it could not have reached the deified VANESSA, might have been very fatal to ESTHER VANHOMRIGH. Within two years after their arrival in *Ireland*, MARY the youngeſt ſiſter died, and the ſmall remains of the ſhipwreckt fortune centered in VANESSA.

VANITY makes terrible devaſtation in a female breaſt. It batters down all reſtraints of modeſty, and carries away every ſeed of virtue. VANESSA was exceſſively vain. The character given of her by CADENUS is fine painting, but, in general, fictitious. She was fond of dreſs: impatient to be admired: very romantic in her turn of mind: ſuperior, in her own opinion, to all her ſex: full of pertneſs, gaiety, and pride: not without

out ſome agreeable accompliſhments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel: ambitious, at any rate, to be eſteemed a wit; and, with that view, always affecting to keep company with wits: a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry: happy in the thoughts of being reputed SWIFT's concubine: but ſtill aiming and intending to be his wife. By nature haughty, and diſdainful, looking with the pity of contempt upon her inferiors, and with the ſmiles of ſelf-approbation upon her equals: but upon Dr. SWIFT with the eyes of love. Her love was founded in vanity, or, to uſe a more faſhionable phraſe, *in taſte*. His own lines are the beſt proof of my aſſertion.

CADENUS many things had writ;
VANESSA much eſteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works;
Mean time the boy[a] in ſecret lurks,
And while the book was in her hand,
The urchin, from his private ſtand,
Took

[a] CUPID.

Took aim, and ſhot with all his ſtrength
A dart of ſuch prodigious length;
It pierc'd the feeble volume thro',
And deep transfix'd her boſom too.
Some lines, more moving than the reſt,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breaſt;
And borne directly to her heart,
With pains unknown encreas'd the ſmart.

VANESSA, not in years a ſcore,
Dreams of a gown of forty four;
Imaginary charms can find,
In eyes, with reading, almoſt blind:
CADENUS now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years:
She fancies muſic in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.

THE poem itſelf is dated in the year 1713, when SWIFT was in his meridian altitude; favoured by the courtiers; flattered, feared, and admired by the greateſt men in the nation.

BY

By the verſes which I have already recited, it may be preſumed, that the lady was firſt ſmitten with the fame and character of CADENUS, and afterwards with his perſon. Her firſt thoughts purſued a phantom. Her later paſſion deſired a ſubſtance. The manner in which ſhe diſcovered her inclinations, is poetically deſcribed in theſe lines.

She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts,
But he muſt anſwer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her coſt,
That all his leſſons were not loſt.
Two maxims ſhe cou'd ſtill produce,
And ſad experience taught their uſe:
That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dare not own:
Can make us, without fear, diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes:
That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, ſaid the nymph, to let you ſee,
My actions with your rules agree;

That

That I can vulgar forms deſpiſe,
And have no ſecrets to diſguiſe,
I knew, by what you ſaid and writ,
How dang'rous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me againſt their charms,
But never gave me equal arms:
Your leſſons found the weakeſt part,
Aim'd at the head, and reach'd the heart.

SUPPOSING this account to be true, and I own to you, my HAM, I can ſcarce think it otherwiſe, it is evident, that the fair VANESSA had made a ſurprizing progreſs in the philoſophic doctrines, which ſhe had received from her preceptor. His rules were certainly of a moſt extraordinary kind. He taught her, that vice, as ſoon as it defied ſhame, was immediately changed into virtue. That vulgar forms were not binding upon certain *choice ſpirits*, to whom either the writings, or the perſons of men of wit were acceptable. She heard the

leſſon

leſſon with attention, and imbibed the philoſophy with eagerneſs. The maxims ſuited her exalted turn of mind. She imagined that if the theory appeared ſo charming, the practice muſt be much more delightful. The cloſe connection of ſoul and body ſeemed to require, in the eye of a female philoſopher, that each ſhould ſucceed the other in all pleaſurable enjoyments. The former had been ſufficiently regaled, why muſt the latter remain unſatisfied? "Nature," ſaid VANESSA, "abhors a *vacuum*, and nature ought "always to be obeyed." She communicated theſe ſentiments to her tutor, but he ſeemed not to comprehend her meaning, nor to conceive the *diſtinctio rationis* that had taken riſe in his own ſchool. He anſwered her in the *non-eſſential modes*. He talked of friendſhip, of the delights of reaſon, of gratitude, reſpect and eſteem. He almoſt preached upon virtue, and he muttered ſome indiſtinct phraſes concerning chaſtity.

So

So unaccountable a conduct in CADENUS may be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature, than from the ſcrupulous difficulties of a tender conſcience. Such a ſuppoſition will ſtill appear more ſtrong, if we recollect the diſtant manner in which SWIFT cohabited with STELLA, colder, if poſſible, after, than before, ſhe was his wife: and I now recollect ſome of his own lines that ſeem to confirm the ſurmiſe, as they contain an inſinuation againſt VANESSA, not perhaps ſo much intended to wound her reputation, as to ſave his own.

But what ſucceſs VANESSA met
Is to the world a ſecret yet.
Whether the nymph, to pleaſe her ſwain,
Talks in a high romantic ſtrain;
Or whether he at laſt deſcends,
To act with leſs ſeraphic ends;
Or to compound the buſineſs, whether
They temper love and books together,

Muſt never to mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conſcious muſe unfold.

It is impoſſible to read this cruel hint without great indignation againſt the *conſcious muſe*, eſpecially as it is the finiſhing ſtroke of a picture, which was already drawn in too looſe a garment, and too unguarded a poſture. In this inſtance, I am afraid the Dean muſt remain inexcuſable.

Vanessa, in ſome time after the death of her ſiſter, retired to *Selbridge*, a ſmall houſe and eſtate that had been purchaſed by her father, within ten or twelve miles of *Dublin*. Spleen and diſappointment were the companions of her ſolitude. The narrowneſs of her income, the coldneſs of her lover, the loſs of her reputation, all contributed to make her miſerable, and to encreaſe the frenzical diſpoſition of her mind. In this melancholy ſituation ſhe remained ſeveral years, during which time Cadenus viſited her frequently.

frequently. Their particular converſation, as it paſſed without witneſſes, muſt for ever remain unknown: but, in general, it is certain, that ſhe often preſſed him to marry her. His anſwers were rather turns of wit than poſitive denials; till at laſt, being unable to ſuſtain her weight of miſery any longer, ſhe writ a very tender epiſtle to Cadenus, inſiſting peremptorily upon as ſerious an anſwer, and an immediate acceptance, or abſolute refuſal of her, as his wife. His reply was delivered by his own hand. He brought it with him when he made his final viſit at *Selbridge*: and throwing down the letter upon her table, with great paſſion haſtened back to his horſe, carrying in his countenance the frowns of anger and indignation.

Dr. Swift had a natural ſeverity of face, which even his ſmiles could ſcarce ſoften, or his utmoſt gaiety render placid and ſerene: but when that ſternneſs of viſage was encreaſed by rage, it is ſcarce

poſſible to imagine looks, or features, that carried in them more terror and auſterity. VANESSA had ſeen him in all tempers, and from his outward appearance ſhe gueſſed at the inward contents of his letter. She read it with as much reſolution as the preſent cruelty of her fate, and the raging pride of her heart, would permit. She found herſelf entirely diſcarded from his friendſhip and converſation. Her offers were treated with inſolence and diſdain. She met with reproaches inſtead of love, and with tyranny inſtead of affection. She had long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue; which, upon this occaſion, might have proved healing ingredients to ſo deep, and ſo dangerous a wound. She had preferred wit to religion, ſhe had utterly deſtroyed her character, and her conſcience: and ſhe was now fallen a prey to the horror of her own thoughts.

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat: tædet cæli convexa tueri.

SHE

She did not ſurvive many days the letter delivered to her by Cadenus, but, during that ſhort interval, ſhe was ſufficiently compoſed, to cancel a will made in Swift's favour, and to make another, wherein ſhe left her fortune (which, by long retirement, was in ſome meaſure retrieved) to her two executors, Dr. Berkley, the preſent Biſhop of *Cloyne*, and Mr. Marshall, one of the King's Serjeants at law. She had choſen Mr. Marshall, not only as he had an excellent character, but as he was her relation. She had little perſonal acquaintance with Dr. Berkley: his virtues, and his genius, were univerſally known: yet other motives perhaps induced her to appoint him a joint executor: in ſuch an appointment, ſhe probably deſigned to mortify the pride of Dr. Swift, by letting him ſee, that, in her laſt thoughts, ſhe preferred a ſtranger before him.

THUS periſhed at *Selbridge*, under all the agonies of deſpair, Mrs. ESTHER VANHOMRIGH; a miſerable example of an ill-ſpent life, fantaſtic wit, viſionary ſchemes, and female weakneſs.

MY paper ſcarce allows room for the affectionate name of

ORRERY.

LETTER X.

My dear HAMILTON,

I Have received yours of the 24th inſtant. You ſeem ſo much pleaſed with the commentaries relating to VANESSA, and you have expreſſed ſo much ſatisfaction in my account of STELLA, that probably you wiſh SWIFT to have had as many wives and miſtreſſes as SOLOMON,

SOLOMON, in order to furniſh me with perpetual materials for the hiſtory of a Lady. It is true, my friend the Dean kept company with many of the fair ſex, but they were rather his amuſement than his admiration. He trifled away many hours in their converſation, he filled many pages in their praiſe, and by the power of his head, he gained the character of a lover, without the leaſt aſſiſtance from his heart. To this particular kind of pride, ſupported by the bent of his genius, and joined by the exceſſive coldneſs of his nature, VANESSA owed the ruin of her reputation, and from the ſame cauſes, STELLA remained an unacknowledged wife. If we conſider SWIFT's behaviour, ſo far only as it relates to women, we ſhall find, that he looked upon them rather as buſts, than as whole figures. In his panegyrical deſcriptions, he has ſeldom deſcended lower than the center of their hearts: or if ever he has deſigned a compleat ſtatue, it has been generally caſt in a dirty, or in a diſagree-

able mould: as if the ſtatuary had not conceived, or had not experienced, that juſtneſs of proportion, that delicacy of limb, and thoſe pleaſing, and graceful attitudes which have conſtituted the ſex to be the moſt beautiful part of the creation. If you review his ſeveral poems to STELLA, you will find them fuller of affection than deſire, and more expreſſive of friendſhip, than of love. For example,

THOU, STELLA, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung;
Without one word of CUPID's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted Love a gueſt.

MOST of the poems, which are abſolutely addreſſed to STELLA, or which deſcribe her in a variety of attitudes, turn upon her age: a kind of excuſe perhaps for SWIFT's want of love.

I BEGAN one of my former letters, my dear HAMILTON, by a declaration that it was impoſſible for me to paſs a very minute comment upon the various pieces that he has written; and I muſt renew the ſame declaration in regard to his poems. They are not only mingled improperly, in points of dates, and ſubjects, but many, very many of them, are temporary, trifling, and I had almoſt ſaid puerile. Several of them are perſonal, and conſequently ſcarce amuſing; or at leaſt, they leave a very ſmall impreſſion upon our minds. Such indeed as are likely to draw your attention, are exquiſite, and ſo peculiarly his own, that whoever has dared to imitate him in theſe, or in any of his works, has conſtantly failed in the attempt. Upon a general view of his poetry, we ſhall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, ſurprizing, heteroclite genius: luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humourous in his deſcriptions, and bitter, exceeding

ceeding bitter in his ſatyr. The reſtleſſneſs of his imagination, and the diſappointment of his ambition, have both contributed to hinder him from undertaking any poetical work of length or importance. His wit was ſufficient to every labour: no flight could have wearied the ſtrength of his pinions: perhaps if the extenſive views of his nature had been fully ſatisfied, his airy motions had been more regular, and leſs ſudden. But, he now appears, like an eagle that is ſometimes chained, and at that particular time, for want of nobler, and more proper food, diverts his confinement, and appeaſes his hunger, by deſtroying the gnats, butter-flies, and other wretched inſects, that unluckily happen to buzz, or flutter within his reach.

WHILE I have been reading over this volume of his poetry, I have conſidered him as an *Ægyptian* hieroglyphic, which, though it had an unnatural, and frequently an indecent appearance, yet it always

always contained ſome ſecret marks of wiſdom, and ſometimes of deep morality. The ſubjects of his poems are often nauſeous, and the performances beautifully diſagreeable.

THE Lady's Dreſſing Room has been univerſally condemned, as deficient in point of delicacy, even to the higheſt degree. The beſt apology that can be made in its favour, is to ſuppoſe, that the author exhibited his CELIA in the moſt hideous colours he could find, leſt ſhe might be miſtaken as a goddeſs, when ſhe was only a mortal. External beauty is very alluring to youth and inexperience; and SWIFT, by pulling off the borrowed plumes of his harpy, diſcovers at once a frightful bird of prey, and by making her offenſive, renders her leſs dangerous and inviting. Such, I hope, was his deſign; but let his views and motives have been ever ſo beneficial, his general want of delicacy and decorum, muſt not hope even to find the ſhadow

of

of an excuſe; for it is impoſſible not to own, that he too frequently forgets that politeneſs and tenderneſs of manners, which are undoubtedly due to human kind. From his early, and repeated diſappointments, he became a miſanthrope. If his mind had been more equal and content, I am willing to believe, that he would have viewed the works of nature with a more benign aſpect. And perhaps under a leſs conſtant rotation of anxiety, he might have preſerved his ſenſes to the laſt ſcene of life, and might have enjoyed that calm *exit* from the ſtage, for which his friend HORACE ſo earneſtly ſupplicates APOLLO.

Frui paratis et valido mihi
Latoe dones, et precor, integrâ
Cum mente: nec turpem ſenectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem.

I HAVE already told you, that his pride was ſo great as ſcarce to admit any body to the leaſt ſhare of his friendſhip, except ſuch

ſuch who could amuſe him, or ſuch who could do him honour. To theſe two different claſſes, we owe many of his poems. His companions and humble followers find themſelves immortalized by the inſertion of their names in addreſſes to STELLA, or in other miſcellaneous pieces written in an eaſy, although not in a careleſs manner. His more exalted friends, whoſe ſtations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different ſtyle: and you will perceive a real dignity, and a moſt delicate kind of wit in all his poems to Lord OXFORD, Lord PETERBOROUGH, Lord CARTERET[a], Mr. PULTENEY[b], and I think I may particularly add, in a poem to the Counteſs of WINCHELSEA[c], and another to Mrs. BIDDY FLOYDE. Theſe names abetted him in his purſuit of fame. They reflected back the glory which he gave. But, ſtill I cannot recollect one poem, nay, ſcarce a couplet, to his noble patron

[a] Now Earl of GRANVILLE.
[b] Now Earl of BATH.
[c] Under the name of ARDELIA.

patron Lord BOLINGBROKE. In that inſtance he has been as ſilent, as VIRGIL has been to HORACE, and yet he certainly had not a grain of envy in his compoſition.

I THINK I can diſcern a third kind of ſtyle in his poems addreſſed to Mr. POPE, Mr. GAY, Dr. DELANY, and Dr. YOUNG. When he writes to them, there is a mixture of eaſe, dignity, familiarity, and affection. They were his intimate friends, whom he loved ſincerely, and whom he wiſhed to accompany into the poetical regions of eternity.

I HAVE juſt now caſt my eye over a poem called *Death and Daphne*, which makes me recollect an odd incident relating to that nymph. SWIFT, ſoon after our acquaintance, introduced me to her, as to one of his female favourites. I had ſcarce been half an hour in her company, before ſhe aſked me, if I had ſeen the DEAN's poem upon *Death and Daphne*?

As

As I told her I had not, ſhe immediately unlocked a cabinet, and bringing out the manuſcript, read it to me with a ſeeming ſatisfaction, of which, at that time, I doubted the ſincerity. While ſhe was reading, the Dean was perpetually correcting her for bad pronunciation, and for placing a wrong emphaſis upon particular words. As ſoon as ſhe had gone thorough the compoſition, ſhe aſſured me ſmilingly, that the portrait of DAPHNE was drawn for herſelf: I begged to be excuſed from believing it, and proteſted that I could not ſee one feature that had the leaſt reſemblance, but the Dean immediately burſt into a fit of laughter. "You fancy," ſays he, "that you are "very polite, but you are much miſ-"taken. That Lady had rather be a "DAPHNE drawn by me, than a SA-"CHARISSA by any other pencil." She confirmed what he had ſaid, with great earneſtneſs, ſo that I had no other method of retrieving my error, than by whiſpering in her ear, as I was conduct-

ing

ing her down ſtairs to dinner, that indeed I found

"*Her hand as dry and cold as lead.*"

You ſee the command which SWIFT had over all his females: and you would have ſmiled to have found his houſe, a conſtant ſeraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an aſſiduity, that are ſeldom paid to the richeſt, or the moſt powerful lovers; no, not even to the Grand Signor himſelf.

To theſe Ladies, SWIFT owed the publication of many pieces, which ought never to have been delivered to the preſs. He communicated every compoſition as ſoon as finiſhed, to his female ſenate, who, not only paſſed their judgement on the performance, but conſtantly aſked, and almoſt as conſtantly obtained, a copy of it. You cannot be ſurprized that it was immediately afterwards ſeen in print:

and

and when printed, became a part of his works. He lived much at home, and was continually writing, when alone. Not any of his Senators preſumed to approach him when he ſignified his pleaſure to remain in private, and without interruption. His night-gown and ſlippers were not eaſier put on or off, than his attendants. No prince ever met with more flattery to his own perſon, or more devotion to his own mandates. This deſpotic power not only blinded him, but gave a looſe to paſſions that ought to have been kept under a proper reſtraint. I am ſorry to ſay, that whole nations are ſometimes ſacrificed to his reſentment: for reflections of that ſort appear to me the leaſt juſtifiable of any kind of ſatyr. You will read his *Acerrima* with indignation, and his *Minutiæ* with regret. Yet I muſt add, that ſince he has deſcended ſo low as to write, and, ſtill ſo much lower, as to print riddles, he is excellent even in that kind of verſification. The lines are ſmoother, the expreſſions are neater, and

the thought is cloſer purſued than in any other *riddle-writer* whatever. But, SWIFT compoſing riddles, is TITIAN painting draught-boards, which muſt have been inexcuſable, while there remained a ſign-poſt painter in the world.

AT the latter end of the volume, you will find two Latin poems. The firſt, *An epiſtle to Dr.* SHERIDAN; the laſt, *A deſcription of the rocks at Carbery in Ireland.* The Dean was extremely ſolicitous, that they ſhould be printed among his works: and what is no leſs true than amazing, he aſſumed to himſelf more vanity upon theſe two Latin poems, than upon many of his beſt Engliſh performances. It is ſaid, that MILTON in his own judgement preferred the *Paradiſe regained*, to the *Paradiſe loſt.* There poſſibly might be found ſome excuſe for ſuch a preference, but in SWIFT's caſe there can be none. He underſtood the Latin language perfectly well, and he read it conſtantly, but he was no Latin poet. And if the *Carberiæ rupes*, and the

Epiſtola

Epiſtola ad THOMAM SHERIDAN, had been the produce of any other author, they muſt have undergone a ſevere cenſure from Dr. SWIFT.

HERE I ſhall diſmiſs this volume of his poems, which has drawn me into a greater length of letter than I intended. Adieu, my HAM, believe me ever,

Your affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER XI.

My dear HAMILTON,

THE third volume of SWIFT's works contains *The travels of* LEMUEL GULLIVER *into ſeveral remote nations of the world.* They are divided into four parts; the firſt a voyage to *Lilliput*; the ſecond a voyage to *Brobdingnag*; the third, to *Laputa* and other iſlands;

the fourth, and moſt extraordinary, to the country of the *Houyhnhnms*. Theſe voyages are intended as a moral political romance, in which SWIFT ſeems to have exerted the ſtrongeſt efforts of a fine irregular genius. But while his imagination and his wit delight, the venomous ſtrokes of his ſatyr, although in ſome places juſt, are carried into ſo univerſal a ſeverity, that not only all human actions, but human nature itſelf, is placed in the worſt light. Perfection in every attribute is not indeed allotted to particular men: but, among the whole ſpecies, we diſcover ſuch an aſſemblage of all the great, and amiable virtues, as may convince us, that the original order of nature contains in it the greateſt beauty. It is directed in a right line, but it deviates into curves and irregular motions, by various attractions, and diſturbing cauſes. Different qualifications ſhine out in different men. BACON and NEWTON (not to mention BOYLE) ſhew the divine extent of the human mind: of which power SWIFT could not

be

be inſenſible; but as I have often told you, his diſappointments rendered him ſplenetic, and angry with the whole world.

Education, habit, and conſtitution, give a ſurprizing variety of characters; and, while they produce ſome particular qualities, are apt to check others. Fortitude of mind ſeldom attends a ſedentary life: nor is the man, whoſe ambitious views are croſſed, ſcarce ever afterwards indued with benevolence of heart. The ſame mind, that is capable of exerting the greateſt virtue, by ſome defect in the firſt ſteps of education, often degenerates into the greateſt vice. Theſe effects take their ſource from cauſes almoſt mechanical. The ſoul, in our preſent ſituation, is blended and encloſed with corporeal ſubſtance, and the matter of which our body is compoſed, produces ſtrange impulſes upon the mind: but the inſtances that might illuſtrate, and explain the different effects ariſing from this formation, are too digreſſively extenſive for my preſent plan.

To correct vice, by ſhewing her deformity in oppoſition to the beauty of virtue, and to amend the falſe ſyſtems of philoſophy, by pointing out the errors, and applying ſalutary means to avoid them, is a noble deſign. This was the general intent, I would fain flatter myſelf, of my hieroglyphic friend.

GULLIVER's travels are chiefly to be looked upon as an irregular eſſay of SWIFT's peculiar wit and humour. Let us take a view of the two firſt parts together. The inhabitants of *Lilliput* are repreſented, as if reflected from a concave mirrour, by which every object is reduced to a deſpicable minuteneſs. The inhabitants of *Brobdingnag*, by a contrary mirrour, are enlarged to a ſhocking deformity. In *Lilliput* we behold a ſet of puny inſects, or animalcules in human ſhape, ridiculouſly engaged in affairs of importance. In *Brobdingnag* the monſters of enormous ſize are employed in trifles.

LEMUEL

Lemuel Gulliver has obſerved great exactneſs in the juſt proportion, and appearances of the ſeveral objects thus leſſened and magnified: but he dwells too much upon theſe optical deceptions. The mind is tired with a repetition of them, eſpecially as he points out no beauty, nor uſe in ſuch amazing diſcoveries, which might have been ſo continued as to have afforded improvement, at the ſame time that they gave aſtoniſhment. Upon the whole, he too often ſhews an indelicacy that is not agreeable, and exerts his vein of humour moſt improperly in ſome places, where (I am afraid) he glances at religion.

In his deſcription of *Lilliput*, he ſeems to have had *England* more immediately in view. In his deſcription of *Bleſuſcu* he ſeems to intend the people and kingdom of *France:* yet the allegory between theſe nations is frequently interrupted, and ſcarce any where compleat. Several

juſt ſtrokes of ſatyr are ſcattered here and there upon errors in the conduct of our government; and, in the ſixth chapter of his voyage to *Brobdingnag*, he gives an account of the political ſtate of *Europe:* his obſervations are delivered with his uſual ſpirit of humour and ſeverity. He appears moſt particularly affected with the proceedings of the courts of judicature, and complains of being almoſt ruined by a Chancery ſuit, which was *determined in his favour with coſts*. It muſt be confeſſed, that inſtances of this kind are too frequent in our courts of juſtice, and they leave us no room to boaſt of the execution of our preſent laws, however excellent the laws, in their own original foundation, may have been. *Judgement, when turned into wormwood, is bitter*, but delays, as Lord BACON obſerves, turn it into vinegar: it becomes ſharp, and corroding: and certainly it is more eligible to die immediately by the wound of an enemy, than to decay lingering

gering by poiſon, adminiſtered from a ſeeming friend.

The ſeventh chapter of the voyage of *Brobdingnag* contains ſuch ſarcaſms on the ſtructure of the human body, as too plainly ſhew us, that the author was unwilling to loſe any opportunity of debaſing and ridiculing his own ſpecies.

Here a reflexion naturally occurs, which, without any ſuperſtition, leads me tacitly to admire, and confeſs the ways of Providence: for this great genius, this mighty wit, who ſeemed to ſcoff, and ſcorn at all mankind, lived not only to be an example to puniſh his own pride, and to terrify ours, but underwent ſome of the greateſt miſeries to which human nature is liable. The particulars of this aſſertion will appear, by copying a letter which one of his relations ſent to me, in anſwer to my enquiries after his ſituation,

My

Dublin, *November* 22, 1742.

MY LORD,

THE eaſy manner, in which you reproach me for not acquainting you with the poor Dean's ſituation, lays a freſh obligation upon me; yet mean as an excuſe is for a fault, I ſhall attempt one to your Lordſhip, and only for this reaſon, that you may not think me capable of neglecting any thing you could command me. I told you in my laſt letter, the Dean's underſtanding was quite gone, and I feared the farther particulars would only ſhock the tenderneſs of your nature, and the melancholy ſcene make your heart ache, as it has often done mine. I was the laſt perſon whom he knew, and when that part of his memory failed, he was ſo outragious at ſeeing any body, that I was forced to leave him, nor could he reſt for a night or two after ſeeing any perſon: ſo that all the attendance which I could pay him was calling twice a week to enquire after his health, and to obſerve that

proper

proper care was taken of him, and durſt only look at him while his back was towards me, fearing to diſcompoſe him. He walked ten hours a day, would not eat or drink if his ſervant ſtayed in the room. His meat was ſerved up ready cut, and ſometimes it would lie an hour on the table before he would touch it, and then eat it walking. About ſix weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye ſwelled as large as an egg, and the lid Mr. NICHOLS *(his ſurgeon) thought would mortify, and many large boils appeared upon his arms and body. The torture he was in, is not to be deſcribed. Five perſons could ſcarce hold him for a week, from tearing out his own eyes: and, for near a month, he did not ſleep two hours in twenty four: yet a moderate appetite continued; and what is more to be wondered at, the laſt day of his illneſs, he knew me perfectly well, took me by the hand, called me by my name, and ſhewed the ſame pleaſure as uſual in ſeeing me. I aſked him, if he would give me a dinner? He ſaid, to be ſure, my old friend. Thus he continued that day, and knew the Doctor and Surgeon,*

and

and all his family ſo well, that Mr. NICHOLS *thought it poſſible he might return to a ſhare of underſtanding, ſo as to be able to call for what he wanted, and to bear ſome of his old friends to amuſe him. But alas! this pleaſure to me was but of ſhort duration; for the next day or two it was all over, and proved to be only pain that had rouzed him. He is now free from torture: his eye almoſt well; very quiet, and begins to ſleep, but cannot, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk a turn about his room: and yet in this way the Phyſicians think he may hold out for ſome time. I am, my Lord,*

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient
humble ſervant,

M. WHITEWAY.

WHAT a ſhocking, what a melancholy account is this! of how ſmall eſtimation muſt the greateſt genius appear in the ſight of GOD!

About a year and a half afterwards, I received a letter from another of his relations, Deane Swift, Eſq; in anſwer to a report, which I had mentioned to him, of Dr. Swift's having viewed himſelf (as he was led acroſs the room) in a glaſs, and crying out, "*O poor old man!*" The letter is written long after the Dean had been totally deprived of reaſon.

Dublin, *April* 4, 1744.

My LORD,

AS to the ſtory of O poor old man! *I enquired into it. The Dean did ſay ſomething upon his ſeeing himſelf in the glaſs, but neither Mrs.* Ridgeway, *nor the lower ſervants could tell me what it was he ſaid. I deſired them to recollect it, by the time when I ſhould come again to the deanery. I have been there ſince, they cannot recollect it. A thouſand ſtories have been invented of him within theſe two years, and impoſed upon the world.*

world. I thought this might have been one of them: and yet I am now inclined to think, there may be ſome truth in it: for on Sunday the 17th of March, as he ſat in his chair, upon the houſekeeper's moving a knife from him as he was going to catch at it, he ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and, rocking himſelf, ſaid, I am what I am, I am what I am: *and, about ſix minutes afterwards, repeated the ſame words two or three times over.*

His ſervant ſhaves his cheeks, and all his face as low as the tip of his chin, once a week: but under the chin, and about the throat, when the hair grows long, it is cut with ſciſſars.

Sometimes he will not utter a ſyllable: at other times he will ſpeak incoherent words: but he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonſenſe, or ſaid a fooliſh thing.

About four mouths ago he gave me great trouble: he ſeemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would ſay, I told

told him, I came to dine with him, and immediately his houſekeeper, Mrs. RIDGEWAY, *ſaid,* Won't you give Mr. SWIFT a glaſs of wine, Sir? *he ſhrugged his ſhoulders, juſt as he uſed to do when he had a mind that a friend ſhould ſpend the evening with him. Shrugging his ſhoulders, your Lordſhip may remember, was as much as to ſay,* "You'll "ruin me in wine." *I own, I was ſcarce able to bear the ſight. Soon after, he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words to ſpeak to me: at laſt, not being able, after many efforts, he gave a heavy ſigh, and, I think, was afterwards ſilent. This puts me in mind of what he ſaid about five days ago. He endeavoured ſeveral times to ſpeak to his ſervant (now and then he calls him by his name) at laſt, not finding words to expreſs what he would be at, after ſome uneaſineſs, he ſaid,* "I am a fool." *Not long ago, the ſervant took up his watch that lay upon the table to ſee what o'clock it was, he ſaid,* "Bring it here:" *and when it was brought, he looked very attentively at it: ſome time ago, the ſervant was breaking a large*

large ſtubborn coal, he ſaid, " That's a " ſtone, you blockhead."

In a few days, or ſome very ſhort time, after guardians had been appointed for him, I went into his dining room, where he was walking, I ſaid ſomething to him very inſignificant; I know not what; but, inſtead of making any kind of anſwer to it, he ſaid, " Go, go," *pointing with his hand to the door, and immediately afterwards, raiſing his hand to his head, he ſaid,* " My beſt " underſtanding," *and ſo broke off abruptly, and walked away. I am, my Lord,*

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,
and moſt humble ſervant,

DEANE SWIFT.

THESE two letters will not probably occaſion in you very chearful ſpeculations. Let us return back therefore to the *Lilliputians*, and the *Brobdingnaggians*; where you will find many ridiculous adventures, even

even ſuch as muſt have excited mirth from HERACLITUS. Where indelicacies do not intervene, the narrative is very entertaining and humorous. Several juſt ſtrokes of ſatyr are ſcattered up and down upon political errors in government. In ſome parts, GULLIVER ſeems to have had particular incidents, if not particular perſons in his view. His obſervations on education are uſeful: and ſo are his improvements on the inſtitutions of LYCURGUS. Upon reading over the two firſt parts of theſe travels, I think that I can diſcover a very great reſemblance between certain paſſages in GULLIVER's voyage to *Lilliput*, and the voyage of CYRANO DE BERGERAC to the ſun and moon.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC is a French author of a ſingular character, who had a very peculiar turn of wit and humour, in many reſpects reſembling that of SWIFT. He wanted the advantages of learning, and a regular education: his

imagination was leſs guarded, and correct, but more agreeably extravagant. He has introduced into his philoſophical romance, the ſyſtem of DESCARTES (which was then much admired) intermixt with ſeveral fine ſtrokes of juſt ſatyr on the wild, and immechanical enquiries of the philoſophers, and aſtronomers of that age: and in many parts he has evidently directed the plan, which the Dean of St. PATRICK's has purſued.

I AM ſorry, and yet, in candour, I ought to obſerve, that GULLIVER, in his voyage to *Lilliput*, dares even to exert his vein of humour ſo liberally, as to place the reſurrection (one of the moſt encouraging principles of the Chriſtian religion) in a ridiculous, and contemptible light[a]. Why ſhould that appointment be denied to man, or appear ſo very extraordinary in the human kind, which the Author of nature has illuſtrated in the vegetable ſpecies, where the ſeed dies and

[a] Page 55.

and corrupts, before it can riſe again to new beauty and glory? But I am writing out of my province; and that I may be tempted no farther, here let me end the criticiſm upon the two firſt parts of GULLIVER's travels, the concluſion of which, I mean GULLIVER's eſcape from BROBDINGNAG, is humourous, ſatyrical, and decent. I am, my deareſt HAM, by duty and inclination,

Your beſt friend,

and moſt affectionate father,

ORRERY.

LETTER XII.

My dear HAMILTON,

THE third part of GULLIVER's travels are in general written againſt chymiſts, mathematicians, mechanics, and projectors of all kinds.

SWIFT was little acquainted with mathematical knowledge, and was prejudiced againſt it, by obſerving the ſtrange effects it produced in thoſe, who applied themſelves entirely to that ſcience. No part of human literature has given greater ſtrength to the mind, or has produced greater benefits to mankind, than the ſeveral branches of learning that may paſs under the general denomination of mathematics. But the abuſes of this ſtudy, the idle, thin, immechanical refinements of it, are juſt ſubjects of ſatyr. The real

uſe

uſe of knowledge is to invigorate, not to enervate the faculties of reaſon. Learning degenerates into a ſpecies of madneſs, when it is not ſuperior to what it poſſeſſeth. The ſcientific powers are moſt evident, when, they are capable of exerting themſelves in the ſocial duties of life; when, they wear no chains, but can freely diſengage themſelves, and like a ſound conſtitution of body, riſe chearful, and more vigorous by the food they have acquired, being neither oppreſſed, nor rendered ſtupid by the labours of digeſtion.

Lord Bacon has juſtly expoſed the vain purſuits of oſtentatious pedants in the different parts of learning; and their unaccountable temerity in deducing general rules from arbitrary maxims, or few experiments: he has likewiſe fixed upon a ſure and certain baſis, the procedure and limits of the human underſtanding. Swift has purſued the ſame plan in a different manner, and has placed the

imaginary ſchemes of all pretenders, in a more ludicrous, and therefore in a more proper light.

Ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque ſecat res.

HE cannot be ſuppoſed to condemn uſeful experiments, or the right application of them: but he ridicules the vain attempts, and irregular productions of thoſe raſh men, who, like IXION, embracing a cloud inſtead of a goddeſs, plagued the world with centaurs, whilſt JUPITER, from the embraces of a JUNO, and an ALCMENA, bleſſed the earth with an HEBE, and an HERCULES.

HOWEVER wild the deſcription of the *flying iſland*, and the manners, and various projects of the philoſophers of *Lagado* may appear, yet it is a real picture embelliſhed with much latent wit and humour. It is a ſatyr upon thoſe aſtronomers

nomers and mathematicians, who have ſo entirely dedicated their time to the planets, that they have been careleſs of their family and country, and have been chiefly anxious about the œconomy and welfare of the upper worlds. But if we conſider SWIFT's romance in a ſerious light, we ſhall find him of opinion, that thoſe determinations in philoſophy, which at preſent ſeem to the moſt knowing men to be perfectly well founded and underſtood, are in reality unſettled, or uncertain, and may perhaps ſome ages hence be as much deſcried as the axioms of ARISTOTLE are at this day. Sir ISAAC NEWTON and his notions may hereafter be out of faſhion. There is a kind of mode in philoſophy, as well as in other things: and ſuch modes often change more from the humour and caprice of men, than either from the unreaſonable, or the ill-founded concluſions of the philoſophy itſelf. The reaſonings of ſome philoſophers have undoubtedly better foundations than thoſe of others:

but I am of opinion (and SWIFT ſeems to be in the ſame way of thinking) that the moſt applauded philoſophy hitherto extant has not fully, clearly, and certainly explained many difficulties in the phænomena of nature. I am induced to believe, that God may have abſolutely denied us the perfect knowledge of many points in philoſophy, ſo that we ſhall never arrive at that perfection, however certain we may ſuppoſe ourſelves of having attained to it already. Upon the whole we may ſay with TULLY, *Omnibus ferè in rebus, et maximè in phyſicis quid non ſit citius, quam quid ſit, dixerim.*

THE project for a more eaſy and expeditious method of writing a treatiſe in any ſcience, by a wooden engine *, is entertainingly ſatyrical, and is aimed at thoſe authors, who, inſtead of receiving materials from their own thoughts and obſervations, collect from dictionaries and common

* Page 218.

mon place-books, an irregular variety, without order, uſe, or deſign,

Ut nec pes nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ.

THE project of ſhortning a diſcourſe, by cutting polyſyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles[a], is pointed at the pernicious cuſtom of contracting the Engliſh language, the dialect of which is naturally harſh, and that harſhneſs is ſtill encreaſed by improper contractions. As SWIFT was ſcrupulouſly exact in the pronunciation of his own tongue, not the leaſt improper expreſſion ever eſcaped his cenſure: and I remember to have ſeen in manuſcript a dictionary of hard words, compoſed by him for the uſe of his female ſenate.

THE ſixth chapter[b] is full of ſeverity and ſatyr. Sometimes it is exerted againſt the legiſlative power: ſometimes againſt particular politicians: ſometimes againſt women:

[a] Page 220. [b] Page 223.

women: and ſometimes it degenerates into filth. True humour ought to be kept up with decency, and dignity, or it loſes every tincture of entertainment. Deſcriptions that ſhock our delicacy cannot have the leaſt good effect upon our minds. They offend us, and we fly precipitately from the ſight. We cannot ſtay long enough to examine, whether wit, ſenſe, or morality, may be couched under ſuch odious appearances. I am ſorry to ſay, that theſe ſort of deſcriptions, which are too often interſperſed throughout all SWIFT's works, are ſeldom written with any other view, or from any other motive, than a wild unbridled indulgence of his own humour and diſpoſition.

HE ſeems to have finiſhed his voyage to LAPUTA in a careleſs hurrying manner, which makes me almoſt think, that ſometimes he was tired with his work, and attempted to run through it as faſt as he could; otherwiſe why was the curtain dropped ſo ſoon, or why were we deprived of

of ſo noble a ſcene as might have been diſcovered in the iſland of *Glubdubdrib*[a], *where the governor, by his ſkill in necromancy, had the power of calling whom he pleaſed from the dead.* I have not time by this poſt to write to you my thoughts upon a ſubject, which I confeſs awakened, but by no means ſatisfied my curioſity. I lamented to find ſo many illuſtrious ghoſts vaniſh ſo quickly, and ſo abruptly from my ſight, many of whom were of the brighteſt characters in hiſtory. In my next letter I ſhall endeavour to detain them a little longer in *Leiceſter-fields*, than SWIFT ſuffered them to ſtay in the iſland of Sorcerers.

I am,

My dear HAMILTON,

Your affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

[a] Chap. 7. Page 252.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

My deareſt HAMILTON,

I BELIEVE it would be impoſſible to find out the deſign of Dr. SWIFT, in ſummoning up a parcel of apparitions, that from their behaviour, or from any thing they ſay, are almoſt of as little conſequence, as the ghoſts in GAY's farce of the *What d'ye call it.* Perhaps, SWIFT's general deſign might be to arraign the conduct of eminent perſons after their death, and to convey their names, and images to poſterity, deprived of thoſe falſe colours, in which they formerly appeared. If theſe were his intentions, he has miſſed his aim; or at leaſt, has been ſo far carried away by his diſpoſition to raillery, that the moral, which

which ought to ariſe from ſuch a fable, is buried in obſcurity.

THE firſt airy ſubſtance introduced is ALEXANDER the Great[a]. After a hint from GULLIVER, that we have loſt the true Greek idiom, the conqueror of the univerſe is made to declare upon his honour, "*That he died by exceſſive drink-*"*ing, not by poiſon.*" A trifling and an improper obſervation, becauſe the apparition is called up as he appeared at the head of his army, juſt after the battle of *Arbella*. I own my expectations were great, when I found his appearance was to be at that particular juncture. Or rather I could have wiſhed to have ſeen him after the battle of *Iſſus*, when the temperate uſe which he made of his victory, was highly worthy of imitation. Such a circumſtance might have graced his triumph. There are others too in the hiſtorical records of him, that redound to

[a] Chap. 7. Page 234.

to his honour. The tender regard which he ſhewed to PINDAR, by ſparing the houſe of that poet (when he raſed the city of *Thebes)* ſeems to demand perpetual gratitude from all ſucceeding bards. The manner in which he viſited the tomb of ACHILLES: the affection and reſpect paid by him to ARISTOTLE: the undaunted confidence placed in his phyſician PHILIP, are inſtances ſufficient to ſhew, that ALEXANDER did not want ſome virtues of humanity: and when we conſider ſeveral of his raſh actions of inebriety, they convince us, how far the native excellencies of the mind may be debaſed and changed by paſſions which too often attend ſucceſs and luxury,

Utcunque defecere mores
Dedecorant benè nata culpæ.

IT is evident, my HAM, that SWIFT had conceived an abſolute diſguſt to ALEXANDER, whoſe character he aims to

to deſtroy, by touching it in ſo ſlight a manner, that he puts me in mind of the viſit paid by Augustus Cæsar, to Alexander's ſepulchre at *Alexandria*. Upon the Emperor's arrival, the body of the Macedonian hero was found in it's full dimenſions, but ſo tender notwithſtanding all the former embalming, that Cæsar, by touching only the noſe of it, defaced the whole figure immediately.

Hannibal [a] ſeems to have been ſummoned with no other view than to cenſure Livy the hiſtorian. It is not only improbable, but impoſſible, that Hannibal ſhould have carried a ſufficient quantity of vinegar for the purpoſe related by Livy: but as vinegar will certainly ſoften, and diſſolve ſtones, the experiment might have been improved, or ſo contrived by Hannibal, as to appear to make an eaſy, and expeditious opening

[a] Page 235.

opening through ſome particular paſſage, already fitted for the purpoſe. Such a trial, practiſed in that age of darkneſs, and properly managed, might have been univerſally received as a kind of miracle: ſo that LIVY could ſcarce have avoided inſerting the report as an acknowledged truth: eſpecially as the fact itſelf ſeems to infer that the Romans were invincible, unleſs from ſome ſupernatural cauſe. SWIFT (no friend to military men) thinks the *Carthaginian* general unworthy of any farther notice: and haſtens to call up the ſenate of *Rome*. This gives him an opportunity of being very ſevere upon a certain modern aſſembly, which he treats in a manner more reſembling the Cynic in his cell, than the free humoured *Rabelais* in his eaſy chair.

POMPEY and CÆSAR only appear to grace the entry of BRUTUS, who is SWIFT's favourite patriot: but as CÆSAR generouſly confeſſed to GULLIVER, "*That*

"*the*

" *the greateſt actions of his life, were not,*
" *by many degrees, equal to the glory of*
" *taking it away.*" It would have been a proper alleviation of the Dictator's crimes, to have acknowledged him the greateſt ſtateſman, orator, and ſoldier of the age, in which he lived: an age, fertile of eminent men: an age, when ambition was ſcarce looked upon as a crime: and when the Roman virtue (once the ſupport and preſervation of the commonwealth) was long ſince loſt in vice and luxury: at ſuch a time a ſingle maſter was become neceſſary, and POMPEY would have ſeized the reins of government had not CÆSAR interpoſed. If the conſpirators had reſtored liberty to their country, their act had been compleatly glorious, and would have ſhewed, that CÆSAR, not *Rome*, was degenerated. But if we may judge from the conſequences, Heaven diſapproved of the deed: a particular fate attended the conſpirators, not one of whom died a natural death: and even BRUTUS, per-

haps recollecting in his laſt moments the benefits, which he had received from CÆSAR, was ſtaggered in his thoughts of virtue, and imagining himſelf deceived by a ſhadow, broke out into a pathetical expreſſion, ſignifying, "*that he had* "*worſhipped virtue as a ſubſtance, and* "*had found it only a ſhadow:*" ſo that he ſeems to have wanted that fortitude of mind, which conſtantly attends true virtue to the grave, This defect in the character of BRUTUS, is not improperly expreſſed in the famous gallery of the great duke of *Tuſcany*, where there is a very fine head of BRUTUS begun by MICHAEL ANGELO, but left unfiniſhed: under it is engraven upon a copper plate, this diſtic,

Dum BRUTI *effigiem ſculptor de marmore ducit,*
In mentem ſceleris venit, et abſtinuit.

IF BRUTUS erred, it was from a wrong notion of virtue. The character of CÆSAR is perhaps more amiable, but leſs perfect:

perfect: his faults were great; however, many of them were foils to his virtues. A modern eminent writer, has repreſented him as a glutton: he tells us, that when Cæsar went to the public feaſts, he conſtantly took a vomit in the morning, with a deſign to indulge himſelf with more keenneſs, and to encreaſe his appetite for the enſuing feaſt. The fact is true, but I would willingly believe the inference unjuſt. It is more than probable, that he practiſed this cuſtom by the advice of his phyſicians, who might direct ſuch a regimen, as the moſt certain, and immediate preſervation againſt epileptic fits, to which the Dictator was often liable. Your grandfather, my honoured father, (who was excelled by few phyſicians in the theory of phyſic) has often told me, that thoſe kind of convulſions were of ſuch a nature as generally to come on after eating, and more violently if the ſtomach was overloaded. Cæsar was ſo careful in obſerving a decent dignity in his behaviour, that he dreaded

the ſhame of expoſing publickly this weakneſs in his conſtitution, and therefore guarded againſt it in a prudent manner, which has ſince been conſtrued into a reproach. This ſurmiſe, my HAM, reſts upon the ſtronger foundation, as all authors agree, that he was moſt ſtrictly, and remarkably abſtemious.

IN his public character, CÆSAR appears a ſtrong example, how far the greateſt natural, and acquired accompliſhments may loſe their luſtre, when made ſubſervient to falſe glory, and an immoderate thirſt of power; as on the other hand, the hiſtory of BRUTUS may inſtruct us, what unhappy effects the rigid exerciſe of ſuperiour virtue, when miſapplied and carried too far, may produce in the moſt ſtedfaſt mind, or the ſoundeſt judgement.

GULLIVER has given to BRUTUS five companions, JUN. BRUTUS, SOCRATES, EPAMINONDAS, CATO the cenſor, and Sir

Sir Thomas Moore. Such a ſextumvirate is not eaſily to be encreaſed: yet, let me hope, that the reflexion is too ſeverely critical, when he adds, "*that* "*all the ages of the world cannot furniſh* "*out a ſeventh.*" Every age has produced men of virtue, and abilities in the higheſt degree. The race of mankind, ſince their firſt creation, have been always the ſame. The greateſt characters have been blended with the greateſt faults. Poets and hiſtorians have ſingled out particular perſons for fame and immortality: they have adorned them with accompliſhments, which perhaps they never poſſeſſed, while other men equally meritorious, have been ſilently buried in oblivion, with only the ſelf conſciouſneſs of deſerving a rank among the companions of Brutus in the Elyſian fields.

In this illuſtrious ſextumvirate, Socrates and Sir Thomas Moore undoubtedly deſerve the pre-eminence. The extravagant virtue of Junius Brutus is

ſhocking to every parent, and every good-natured mind. The important ſervices of the father, might juſtly have claimed from the public, the pardon of his ſons: and when his paternal piety had ſaved their lives, his precepts and example might ſo effectually have reclaimed their errors, as to have made them become uſeful members of the commonwealth. I am fully perſuaded, that if Dr. SWIFT had been a father, we ſhould not have found the name of JUNIUS BRUTUS where it is now placed.

IN EPAMINONDAS the Theban glory firſt appeared: and died. His own merit, in overcoming the greateſt difficulties, entirely fixed his reputation. A happy concurrence of circumſtances has often given fame to others; but EPAMINONDAS was indebted for his ſuperior character, only to himſelf.

I AM

I AM in ſome doubt, whether CATO the *Cenſor* can fairly claim a rank among ſo choice a groupe of ghoſts. He juſtly indeed condemned the luxury of the Romans, and he puniſhed their vices with an impartial ſeverity: but herein he ſeems to have indulged his own natural temper rather than to have acted abſolutely from a love of virtue: he was a declared enemy to poetry, painting, and all the politer arts: he was proud, vain, and moroſe: but above all, he was ſo extremely avaritious, that RHADAMANTHUS in the Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY's dialogues of the dead, after expreſſing ſome regard to his merits, tells him, as he was an uſurer he could not be admitted into the Elyſian fields: and therefore orders him to keep the gate as porter: in which ſituation, he might gratify the cenſoriouſneſs of his diſpoſition, by examining every ghoſt that attempted to come into *Elyſium*, and by ſhutting the door againſt all thoſe, who were not

qualified for admittance. RHADAMANTHUS then gives him money, to pay CHARON for ſuch paſſengers, who were not able to pay for themſelves, and at the ſame time declares, that he will puniſh him as a robber, if he offers to lend out that money upon uſury. How very different, you will ſay, are the ſentiments of Archbiſhop FENELON, and of Dr. SWIFT in their judgement of CATO. The one, thinks him unworthy of a place among millions in *Elyſium*, while the other, diſtinguiſhes him among the greateſt men of antiquity. From this diſſenſion of opinions may be traced, perhaps, the particular temper both of the Archbiſhop and of the Dean, and from thence may be deduced the reaſon, why the *Cenſor* was eſteemed by the latter, and condemned by the former.

GULLIVER, after having taken a tranſient view of numberleſs illuſtrious perſons, whom he does not name, cloſes the chapter, and gives me an opportunity of

finiſhing my letter. Late, very late, may you become a ghoſt! And when one, may you equal any of Swift's ſextumvirate, and may his ghoſt (grown leſs cynical and better inſtructed) rejoice to admit you into the company, from which he has ſo arbitrarily excluded all future generations. So wiſhes, ſo prays,

Your affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER XIV.

GULLIVER, tired of heroes, changes the ſcene in the eighth chapter of his voyage to *Laputa*, and becomes curious to know the ſituation of poets and philoſophers, who, in their turn, have as eagerly contended for fame, as Cæsar did for power, or Brutus for liberty. He deſires, that Homer and

Aristotle

ARISTOTLE may make their appearance at the head of their commentators. HOMER, ſays our traveller, "*was the* "*taller, and comelier perſon of the two:* "*walked very erect for one of his age, and* "*his eyes were the moſt quick and piercing* "*I ever beheld.*" It is certain, that HOMER has rather gained, than loſt vigour by his years. Twenty ſix centuries have not unbraced his nerves, or given one wrinkle to his brow: and although GULLIVER has beſtowed upon him the additional ornament of fine eyes, yet I am apt to think they made the figure of this divine old man leſs awful: at leaſt I am glad that he wanted his eye ſight while he lived, ſince it is impoſſible, not to conclude from the productions of HOMER and MILTON, that the *Mind's Eye* becomes more intenſely diſcerning, when it is not interrupted by external objects. It is an old obſervation, that HOMER has nouriſhed more perſons than SYLLA, CÆSAR and AUGUSTUS; and while their pictures have decayed, not a letter

letter of the ILIAD has been loſt. The Grecian poet not only preſerves his original form, but breathes freely, and looks beautifully in other languages: a happier metempſichoſis than PYTHAGORAS ever dreamt of. However, if HOMER was abſolutely obliged to wear the different dreſſes, which have been given to him, he would ſometimes, I believe, find the motion of his limbs uneaſy and confined: and would prefer his own ſimple attire even to the birth day ſuit, which our Engliſh bard has given him. The commentators have done leſs honour to HOMER than the tranſlators. Some of theſe learned pedants have entirely waſted their obſervations upon particles and words: others have run into a minute exactneſs, in comparing the propriety of his images: while others again, have endeavoured to trace out from the Iliad and Odyſſy, all the rudiments of arts and ſciences. Some there are, who dwell on ſuch narrow circumſtances, as were neglected by HOMER, and can only be ſuitable to their own

own confined genius. They are not able to purſue him in his ſublime flights, and attempt therefore, to bring him upon a level with themſelves. Their low mechanical notions remind me of an abſurd problem propoſed by the famous Monſieur HUET, whether the Iliad might not be written upon vellum in ſo ſmall a hand, that the whole might be contained within a nutſhell? This important queſtion is ſaid to have engaged the thoughts and attention of the French court, and gives us a true picture of a laborious, taſteleſs critic upon HOMER. The Dauphin, and his train, are for putting the Iliad into a nutſhell, when ALEXANDER, and his courtiers, choſe the richeſt, and moſt curious cabinet of DARIUS, as the only proper repoſitory for HOMER's works.

HOMER and ARISTOTLE were as oppoſite as poſſible in their characters: but Dr. SWIFT has placed them together, chiefly with a view of ſhewing their com-

commentators, in that juſt and ridiculous light, in which thoſe ſcholiaſts ought to appear. When an age is bleſſed with the productions of an uncommon genius, ſuch as reſembles HOMER, it muſt, in ſome meaſure, be puniſhed by bad imitations and comments; in the ſame manner that you may have obſerved the ſun by its heat and influence raiſing vapours, and animating inſects, that infect and perhaps corrupt the air, in which he ſhines with ſo much luſtre. But, when an original admired author, as ARISTOTLE, is really erroneous, and deceives with falſe ſpecious principles, what a train of errors muſt ariſe from commentators on ſuch ſubjects, who, while they endeavour to purſue and extend a pleaſing enchanted proſpect, that has no real foundation, deviate into a dark, diſagreeable road of briers and thorns?

IT is on this account that the Dean has introduced ARISTOTLE in company with HOMER. The deſcription of that philoſopher

philoſopher is fine, and in a few words repreſents the true nature of his works. "*He ſtooped much, and made uſe of a ſtaff.* "*His viſage was meagre, his hair lank and* "*thin, and his voice hollow.*" By not having the immortal ſpirit of HOMER, he was unable to keep his body erect: and the ſtaff which weakly ſupported him, like his commentators, made this defect more conſpicuous. He wanted not ſome uſeful qualities, but theſe real ornaments, like his hair, were thin and ungraceful. His ſtyle was harſh, and, like his voice, had neither force nor harmony. He was without doubt a man of great genius and penetration, but he did infinitely more prejudice than ſervice to real literature. He ſtudied words more than facts, and delivered his philoſophy perplexed with ſuch intricate logical terms, as have laid a foundation for the endleſs ſcholaſtic diſputations, which have corrupted and retarded the progreſs of learning. He waged war with all his predeceſſors. He never quotes an author

but

but with a view to refute his opinion. Like the Ottoman Emperor, he could not reign in ſafety, till he had firſt deſtroyed his brethren. He was as ambitious in ſcience, as his pupil ALEXANDER was in arms. He aimed to be a deſpotic original: and not only to be the Prince, but the Tyrant of philoſophy. What then can be expected from the commentators of his works, who were devoid of his ingenuity, and poſſeſſed all his intricate follies? RAMUS with his covert ignorance, and SCOTUS and AQUINAS with their ſubdiviſions, and imaginary nothings, muſt make a contemptible figure in the Elyſian fields, which are the ſuppoſed manſions of chearfulneſs, truth, and candour, and conſequently muſt be a very improper ſituation for that tribe of philoſophers.

" *I* THEN *deſired*, ſays GULLIVER, " *that* DESCARTES *and* GASSENDI *might* " *be called up: with whom I prevailed to* " *explain their ſyſtems to* ARISTOTLE.

" *This*

" *This great philoſopher freely acknow-*
" *ledged his own miſtakes in natural phi-*
" *loſophy, becauſe he proceeded in many*
" *things upon conjecture, as all men muſt*
" *do; and he found that* GASSENDI, *who*
" *had made the doctrine of* EPICURUS *as*
" *palatable as he could, and the vortices*
" *of* DESCARTES, *were equally to be ex-*
" *ploded.*" I believe, you will find, my dear HAMILTON, that ARISTOTLE is ſtill to be preferred to EPICURUS. The former made ſome uſeful experiments and diſcoveries, and was engaged in a real purſuit of knowledge, although his manner is much perplexed. The latter was full of vanity and ambition. He was an impoſtor, and only aimed at deceiving. He ſeemed not to believe the principles which he has aſſerted. He committed the government of all things to chance. His natural philoſophy is abſurd. His moral philoſophy wants its proper baſis, the fear of GOD. Monſieur BAYLE, one of his warmeſt advocates, is of this laſt opinion, where he ſays, " *On*

" *ne*

" *ne ſcauroit pas dire aſſez de bien de*
" *l'honneteté de ſes mœurs, ni aſſez de mal*
" *de ſes opinions ſur la religion.*" His general maxim, that happineſs conſiſted in pleaſure was too much unguarded, and muſt lay a foundation of a moſt deſtructive practice: although from his temper and conſtitution, he made his actions ſufficiently pleaſurable to himſelf, and agreeable to the rules of true philoſophy. His fortune exempted him from care and ſollicitude. His valetudinarian habit of body from intemperance. He paſſed the greateſt part of his time in his garden, where he enjoyed all the elegant amuſements of life. There he ſtudied. There he taught his philoſophy. This particular happy ſituation greatly contributed to that tranquility of mind, and indolence of body which he made his chief ends. He had not however reſolution ſufficient, to meet the gradual approaches of death, and wanted that conſtancy which Sir William Temple aſcribes to him: for in his laſt moments, when he found

that his condition was deſperate, he took ſuch large draughts of wine, that he was abſolutely intoxicated, and deprived of his ſenſes; ſo that he died more like a bacchanal, than a philoſopher: to which the epigram alludes,

Hinc Stygias ebrius hauſit aquas.

I SHOULD not have ventured into this criticiſm and cenſure upon theſe antient philoſophers, not even to you, my deareſt HAM, if my opinion was not in a great meaſure ſupported by Lord BACON, who, as he was certainly the moſt accurate judge of this ſubject, might be perhaps, from that pre-eminence, too ſevere a critic. It muſt be owned, that EPICURUS in particular has many followers and admirers among the antients, and among the moderns. CICERO commends him for cultivating his friendſhips in the moſt exquiſite manner. The book lyes open before me, and I will tranſcribe the words, *De quâ* [*amicitiâ*] EPICURUS *quidem*

quidem ita dicit omnium rerum quas ad beatè vivendum ſapientia comparaverit, nihil eſſe majus amicitiâ, nihil uberius, nihil jucundius, neque verò hoc oratione ſolùm, ſed multo magis vita et factis, et moribus comprobavit. DIOGENES LAERTIUS praiſes his virtue and learning. In the Auguſtan age the greateſt names are inſerted among his followers. CÆSAR, ATTICUS, MECÆNAS, LUCRETIUS, VIRGIL, and HORACE embraced his philoſophy, and gave a luſtre to his ſect, and doctrines. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE ſays, "*that he wonders, why ſuch ſharp invec-*
"*tives were ſo generally made againſt*
"EPICURUS, *by the ages that followed*
"*him: eſpecially as his admirable wit,*
"*felicity of expreſſion, excellence of nature,*
"*ſweetneſs of converſation, temperance of*
"*life, and conſtancy of death, made him*
"*ſo much beloved by his friends, admired*
"*by his ſcholars, and honoured by the*
"*Athenians.*" Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE imputes this injuſtice "*to the envy, and*
"*malignity of the Stoics, and to ſome groſs*

 "*pretenders,*

" *pretenders, who aſſumed the denomination*
" *of that ſect: who miſtook his favourite*
" *principle*" (THAT ALL HAPPINESS CONSISTED IN PLEASURE) " *by confining*
" *it to ſenſual pleaſure only. To theſe*
" *ſucceeded the Chriſtians, who eſteemed his*
" *principles of natural philoſophy more op-*
" *poſite to thoſe of our religion than either*
" *the Platoniſts, the Peripatetics, or even*
" *the Stoics themſelves.*" This is the opinion, and theſe are almoſt the exact words of the great Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SWIFT equally explores EPICURUS, and the more modern philoſophers DESCARTES and GASSENDI.

DESCARTES was a knight errant in philoſophy, perpetually miſtaking windmills for giants; yet by the ſtrength of a warm imagination he ſtarted ſome opinions, which probably put Sir ISAAC NEWTON, and others, on making many experi-

experiments that produced moſt uſeful diſcoveries,

GASSENDI was eſteemed one of the greateſt ornaments of FRANCE. He was a doctor of divinity, and royal profeſſor of mathematicks. He was born in *Provence* in 1592, and died in 1655. With great induſtry he collected whatever related to the perſon, and to the philoſophy of EPICURUS, the latter of which, he has reduced into a compleat ſyſtem.

I HAVE now, my HAMILTON, curſorily gone thorough the characters of ſuch ghoſts, as are nominally ſpecified by GULLIVER. I may be wrong either in my account, or in my obſervations: and I ſhall rejoice to be confuted by you in any point of learning whatever.

THE deſcription of the STRULDBRUGGS, in the tenth chapter, is an inſtructive piece of morality: for, if we conſider it in a ſerious light, it tends to reconcile us

to our final diſſolution. Death, when ſet in contraſt to the immortality of the STRULDBRUGGS, is no longer the King of Terrors: he loſes his ſting: he appears to us as a friend: and we chearfully obey his ſummons, becauſe it brings certain relief to the greateſt miſeries. It is in this deſcription, that SWIFT ſhines in a particular manner. He probably felt in himſelf the effects of approaching age, and tacitly dreaded that period of life, in which he might become a repreſentative of thoſe *miſerable immortals*. His apprehenſions were unfortunately fulfilled. He lived to be the moſt melancholy ſight that was ever beheld: yet, even in that condition, he continued to inſtruct, by appearing a providential inſtance to mortify the vanity, which is too apt to ariſe in the human breaſt. Our life cannot be pronounced happy, till the laſt ſcene is cloſed with eaſe and reſignation: the mind ſtill continuing to preſerve its uſual dignity, and falling into the arms of death, as a wearied traveller ſinks into reſt.

reſt. This is that *Euthanaſia* which Augustus often deſired, which Antoninus Pius enjoyed, and for which every wiſe man will pray. God Almighty's providence protect and guide you, my Ham, whatever fate of life, or fortune attends

Your affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER XV.

IT is with great reluctance, I ſhall make ſome remarks on Gulliver's voyage to the *Houyhnhnms*. In this laſt part of his imaginary travels, Swift has indulged a miſanthropy that is intolerable. The repreſention which he has given us of human nature, muſt terrify, and even debaſe the mind of the reader who views it. His ſallies of wit and humour loſe all their force, nothing remaining but a me-

lancholy, and diſagreeable impreſſion; and, as I have ſaid to you, on other parts of his works, we are diſguſted not entertained; we are ſhocked, not inſtructed by the fable. I ſhould therefore chuſe to take no notice of his YAHOOS, did I not think it neceſſary to aſſert the vindication of human nature, and thereby, in ſome meaſure, to pay my duty to the great author of our ſpecies, who has created us in a very fearful, and a very wonderful manner.

WE are compoſed of a mind, and of a body, intimately united, and mutually affecting each other. Their operations indeed are entirely different. Whether the immortal ſpirit, that enlivens this fine machine, is originally of a ſuperior nature in various bodies (which, I own, ſeems moſt conſiſtent and agreeable to the ſcale and order of beings) or, whether the difference depends on a ſymmetry, or peculiar ſtructure of the organs combined with it, is beyond my reach to determine,

determine. It is evidently certain, that the body is curiouſly formed with proper organs to delight, and ſuch as are adapted to all the neceſſary uſes of life. The ſpirit animates the whole; it guides the natural appetites, and confines them within juſt limits. But, the natural force of this ſpirit is often immerſed in matter; and the mind becomes ſubſervient to paſſions, which it ought to govern and direct. Your friend HORACE, although of the Epicurean doctrine, acknowledges this truth, where he ſays,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

IT is no leſs evident, that this immortal ſpirit has an independent power of acting, and, when cultivated in a proper manner, ſeemingly quits the corporeal frame within which it is impriſoned, and ſoars into higher, and more ſpacious regions; where, with an energy, which I had almoſt ſaid was divine, it ranges among

among thoſe heavenly bodies, that, in this lower world, are ſcarce viſible to our eyes; and we can at once explain the diſtance, magnitude, and velocity of the planets, and can foretel, even to a degree of minuteneſs, the particular time when a comet will return, and when the ſun will be eclipſed in the next century. Theſe powers certainly evince the dignity of human nature, and the ſurprizing effects of the immaterial ſpirit within us, which, in ſo confined a ſtate, can thus diſengage itſelf from the fetters of matter. It is from this pre-eminence of the ſoul over the body, that we are enabled to view the exact order, and curious variety of different beings; to conſider, and cultivate the natural productions of the earth; and to admire, and imitate the wiſe benevolence which reigns throughout the whole ſyſtem of the univerſe. It is from hence, that we form moral laws for our conduct. From hence, we delight in copying that great

original,

original, who, in his eſſence, is utterly incomprehenſible, but, in his influence, is powerfully apparent to every degree of his creation. From hence too, we perceive a real beauty in virtue, and a diſtinction between good and evil. Virtue acts with the utmoſt generoſity, and with no view to her own advantage: while vice, like a glutton, feeds herſelf enormouſly, and then is willing to diſgorge the nauſeous offals of her feaſt. But I ſhall wander too far, eſpecially as I flatter myſelf, that your mind is ſo good, and ſo unprejudiced, that you will more eaſily feel, than I can illuſtrate, the truth of theſe aſſertions.

SWIFT deduces his obſervations from wrong principles; for, in his land of *Houyhnhnms*, he conſiders the ſoul and body in their moſt degenerate, and uncultivated ſtate: the former as a ſlave to the appetites of the latter. He ſeems inſenſible of the ſurpriſing mechaniſm, and beauty

beauty of every part of the human compoſition. He forgets the fine deſcription which OVID gives of mankind.

Os homini ſublime dedit, cælumque tueri
Juſſit, et erectos ad ſidera tollere vultus.

IN painting YAHOOS he becomes one himſelf. Nor is the picture, which he draws of the *Houyhnhnms*, inviting or amuſing. It wants both light and ſhade to adorn it. It is cold and inſipid. We there view the pure inſtincts of brutes, unaſſiſted by any knowledge of letters, acting within their own narrow ſphere, merely for their immediate preſervation. They are incapable of doing wrong, therefore they act right. It is ſurely a very low character given to creatures, in whom the author would inſinuate ſome degree of reaſon, that they act inoffenſively, when they have neither the motive nor the power to act otherwiſe. Their virtuous qualities are only negatives.

tives. SWIFT himſelf, amidſt all his irony, muſt have confeſſed, that to moderate our paſſions, to extend our munificence to others, to enlarge our underſtanding, and to raiſe our idea of the Almighty by contemplating his works, is not only the buſineſs, but often the practice, and the ſtudy of the human mind. It is too certain, that no one individual has ever poſſeſſed every qualification and excellence: however ſuch an aſſemblage of different virtues, may ſtill be collected from different perſons, as are ſufficient to place the dignity of human nature in an amiable, and exalted ſtation. We muſt lament indeed the many inſtances of thoſe who degenerate, or go aſtray from the end and intention of their being. The true ſource of this depravity is often owing to the want of education, to the falſe indulgence of parents, or to ſome other bad cauſes, which are conſtantly prevalent in every nation. Many of theſe errors are finely ridiculed

in

in the foregoing parts of this romance: but the voyage to the *Houyhnhnms* is a real inſult upon mankind.

I AM heartily tired of this laſt part of GULLIVER's travels, and am glad, that, having exhauſted all my obſervations on this diſagreeable ſubject, I may finiſh my letter; eſpecially as the concluſion of it naturally turns my thoughts from YAHOOS, to one of the deareſt pledges I have upon earth, yourſelf: to whom I am a moſt

Affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

WHAT is to be done, my HAMILTON, with the fourth volume of SWIFT's works? How can I amuſe you with any remarks from a collection of tracts, not only upon exceeding grave ſubjects, but entirely relative to the kingdom of *Ireland?* not only local, but temporary? In the beginning of the volume is a pamphlet entitled *A Letter from a Member of the Houſe of Commons in Ireland, to a Member of the Houſe of Commons in England, concerning the Sacramental Teſt, written in the year* 1708: and it is preceded by an explanatory advertiſement, that was either dictated, or ſtrictly reviſed by the Dean himſelf. He held the diſſenters in the utmoſt degree of ridicule and deteſtation. He had an openneſs in his

his diſpoſition, and a frankneſs in his conduct, that bore an abhorrence to all kind of reſerve: even to diſcretion. Solemnities and outward forms were deſpiſed by him. His humourous diſpoſition tempted him to actions inconſiſtent with the dignity of a clergyman: and ſuch flights drew upon him the general character of an irreligious man. I remember to have heard a ſtory of him that fully ſhews how little he regarded certain ceremonies, which ought always to be obſerved with reſpect. Soon after he had been made Dean of St. PATRICK's, he was loitering one Sunday in the afternoon at the houſe of Dr. RAYMOND (with whom he had dined) at *Trim*, a little town near *Dublin*, of which the Doctor was vicar, The bell had rung: the pariſhioners were aſſembled, for evening prayers: and Dr. RAYMOND was preparing to go to the church, which was ſcarce two hundred yards from his houſe. "RAYMOND, ſaid the Dean,

"I'll

" I'll lay you a crown I will begin " prayers before you this afternoon." " I accept the wager," replied Dr. RAYMOND: and immediately they both ran as faſt as they could towards the church. RAYMOND, who was much the nimbler man of the two, arrived firſt at the door: and when he entered the church walked decently towards the reading deſk. SWIFT never ſlackened his pace, but, running up the iſle, left Dr. RAYMOND behind him in the middle of it, and ſtepping into the reading deſk, without putting on a ſurplice, or opening the prayer-book, began the liturgy in an audible voice, and continued to repeat the ſervice ſufficiently long to win his wager. To ſuch a diſpoſition it is impoſſible that the gravity of nonconformiſts could be agreeable. The diſlike was mutual on both ſides. Dr. SWIFT hated all fanatics: All fanatics hated Dr. SWIFT. The pamphlet, which now lies before me, is particularly written againſt *repealing the teſt act*: and who-

ever conſiders himſelf related to the kingdom of *Ireland*, will find in it ſome arguments of weight and conſideration, in caſe any ſuch repeal ſhould ever be attempted there.

I CANNOT help pointing out to you, one particular piece of ſatyr, that is entirely in SWIFT's own ſtyle and manner. In the fourth page, he expreſſes himſelf thus. " *One of theſe authors (the* " *fellow that was pilloried, I have forgot* " *his name) is indeed ſo grave, ſententious,* " *dogmatical a rogue, that there is no en-* " *during him.*" The *fellow that was pilloried* was DANIEL DEFOE, whoſe name SWIFT well knew and remembered; but the circumſtance of the pillory was to be introduced; and the manner of introducing it, ſhews great art in the niceſt touches of ſatyr, and carries all the marks of ridicule, indignation, and contempt. The ſcoffs and ſarcaſms of SWIFT, like the bite of the rattle ſnake, diſtinguiſh themſelves more venomouſly dangerous,

dangerous, than the wounds of a common ſerpent.

THE next tract is, *A Propoſal for the univerſal uſe of Iriſh Manufacture in clothes, and furniture of houſes, &c.* utterly rejecting and renouncing every thing wearable that comes from *England.* Written in the year 1720. In a former letter [a], I believe I have told you, that, upon looking over the dates of Dr. SWIFT's works, he does not appear as a political writer from the year 1714 to the year 1720. You will probably be curious to know, in what manner he employed his time from the death of the Queen till the South-ſea year. Not in poetry, for his poetical pieces, during that period, are in a manner domeſtic; being ſcarce any more than trifles to SHERIDAN, or *poematia* to STELLA. How then is the chaſm to be filled up? I imagine, by GULLIVER's travels. Such

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[a] See Letter VI.

a work muſt, in all likelihood, have engroſſed his leiſure during five or ſix years. When that was finiſhed, he found an opening to indulge his love of politics, and to commence a patriot for *Ireland*: and he made uſe of the opportunity, by encreaſing the natural jealouſy which the leſſer iſland conſtantly entertains of the greater. His treatiſe, or propoſal, immediately raiſed a very violent flame. The printer was proſecuted: and the proſecution had the ſame effect, which generally attends thoſe kind of meaſures: it added fuel to the flame. But his greateſt enemies muſt confeſs, that the pamphlet is written in the ſtyle of a man, who had the good of his country neareſt his heart, who ſaw her errors, and wiſhed to correct them; who felt her oppreſſions, and wiſhed to relieve them, and who had a deſire to rouze, and awaken an indolent nation from a lethargic diſpoſition, that might prove fatal to her conſtitution.

To the propoſal, in favour of the Iriſh manufactures, ſucceed *Some Arguments againſt enlarging the Power of Biſhops in letting of Leaſes.* This is too ſerious a pamphlet for your peruſal, nor ſhall I detain you with any farther account of it, than to ſay, that it is intermixt with thoſe maſterly ſtrokes of irony, which are ſo often intermixt in SWIFT's works.

BUT the general ſubject of the pamphlet leads me to recollect a circumſtance much to the Dean's honour. He could never be induced to take fines for any of the chapter lands. He always choſe to raiſe the rents, as the method leaſt oppreſſive to the preſent tenant, and moſt advantageous to all future tenants and landlords. He conſtantly refuſed to give charity out of the chapter funds, which he alledged were ſcarce ſufficient to maintain the neceſſary repairs of the cathedral. I have already told you[a], that, among his

[a] See Letter V.

his prebendaries, the *vox Decani* was the *vox Dei.*

WE are now come to THE DRAPIER's *Letters*, thoſe brazen monuments of his fame. They were written in the year 1724. I have ſaid ſo much in one of my former letters [a] of the cauſe which gave riſe to them, and of the effect which they had upon the nation, that I need ſay no more in this place, than to recommend them to your peruſal, for the ſtyle and conduct of their manner: but, leſt they may appear too grave to ſo young a man, and one who is ſo little intereſted in the preſent, and much leſs in the paſt affairs of *Ireland*, you will find a paper at the end of them that will excite your riſibility, or I am miſtaken. It is entitled *A full and true account of the ſolemn proceſſion to the Gallows at the execution of* WILLIAM WOOD, *Eſq; and hard-ware-man* [b]. The author makes the ſeveral artificers attend WILLIAM WOOD

[a] See Letter VI. [b] Page 233.

WOOD (repreſented by a log of timber) to the gallows, and each tradeſman expreſſes his reſentment in the terms of his proper calling. "*The* COOK *will* BASTE "*him. The* BOOKSELLER *will* TURN "OVER A NEW LEAF *with him. The* "TAYLOR *will fit* IN HIS SKIRTS;" and ſo on, through a number of people of different conditions. Then follows the proceſſion, moſt humorouſly deſcribed. The whole is a piece of ridicule too powerful for the ſtrongeſt gravity to withſtand.

THE next tract is, *A ſhort view of the ſtate of Ireland, written in the year* 1727[*]. Of this I need take little notice, ſince the preſent ſtate of *Ireland* is, in general, as flouriſhing as poſſible. Agriculture is cultivated: arts and ſciences are encouraged: and in the ſpace of eighteen years, which is almoſt the full time that I have known it, no kingdom can be more improved. *Ireland*, in relation of *England*,

[*] Page 240.

England, may be compared to a younger ſiſter lately come of age, after having ſuffered all the miſeries of an injured minor; ſuch as law ſuits, encroachments upon her property, violation of her rights, deſtruction of her tenants, and every evil that can be named. At length, Time, and her own noble ſpirit of induſtry, have entirely relieved her, and, ſome little heart-burnings excepted, ſhe enjoys the quiet poſſeſſion of a very ample fortune, ſubject, by way of acknowledgement, to certain quit rents, payable to the elder branch of her houſe: and let me add by experience, that *take her all in all*, ſhe cannot have a greater fortune than ſhe deſerves.

I SHALL not make any comments upon *An Anſwer to a Paper called A Memorial of the poor Inhabitants, Tradeſmen, and Labourers of the Kingdom of Ireland, written in the year* 1728 [a]. The pamphlet which comes next in order of ſucceſſion,

[a] Page 251.

ſucceſſion, is written with SWIFT's uſual peculiarity of humour. The title of it is, *A modeſt Propoſal for preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland, from being a burden to their Parents or Country; and for making them beneficial to the public, written in the year* 1729[a]. The propoſal is to fatten beggars children, and ſell them for food to rich landlords, and perſons of quality.

THE vindication of his Excellency JOHN *Lord* CARTERET *from the charge of favouring none but Tories, High-Churchmen, and Jacobites*[b], is entirely humorous, and ſo I think are all the remaining pamphlets in this volume. But the laſt piece, entitled, *The Speech and dying Words of* EBENEZER ELLISTON, *who was executed the ſecond of May* 1722, *written and publiſhed at his deſire for the common good*, had a moſt excellent effect[c]. The thieves, vagabonds, and

[a] Page 262.
[b] Page 275. Written in the year 1730.
[c] Page 363.

and all the lower claſs of people thought it the real work of EBENEZER ELLISTON, who had received the grounds of a good education; and the ſtyle of this paper, is ſo natural for a perſon in ſuch circumſtances, that it would almoſt deceive the niceſt judgement.

I HAVE now compleated my animadverſions upon the four firſt volumes of SWIFT's works: the laſt of which contains abundance of ironical wit, founded upon the baſis of reaſon and good ſenſe. But, I had almoſt forgot, that, at the latter end of the volume, there are three copies of verſes, two of which are addreſſed to the Dean, and the third is his anſwer: the firſt being my property, may ſerve to conclude this letter. It was occaſioned by an annual cuſtom, which I found purſued among his friends of making him a preſent on his birth-day. As he had admitted me of that number, I ſent him a paper-book, finely bound, in the firſt leaf of which, I wrote the following lines.

To

Dublin, *November* 30, 1732.

TO thee, dear SWIFT, theſe ſpotleſs leaves I ſend;
Small is the preſent, but ſincere the friend,
Think not ſo poor a book below thy care,
Who knows the price that thou can'ſt make it bear?
Tho' tawdry now, and like TYRILLA's face,
The ſpecious front ſhines out with borrow'd grace:
Tho' paſte-boards glitt'ring like a tinſel'd coat,
A *raſa tabula* within denote;
Yet if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices ſhould provoke thy rage;
If warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A ſinking country and an injur'd ſtate,
Thy great aſſiſtance ſhould again demand,
And call forth reaſon to defend the land;
Then ſhall we view theſe ſheets with glad ſurprize,
Inſpir'd with thought, and ſpeaking to our eyes:
Each vacant ſpace ſhall then, enrich'd, diſpenſe
True force of eloquence, and nervous ſenſe;
Inform the judgement, animate the heart,
And ſacred rules of policy impart.
The ſpangled covering, bright with ſplendid ore,
Shall cheat the ſight with empty ſhew no more;
But lead us inward to thoſe golden mines,
Where all thy ſoul in native luſtre ſhines.
So when the eye ſurveys ſome lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty, grac'd with ſhape and air,
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celeſtial mind.

ORRERY.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

I HAVE already told you, my dear HAM, that the four firſt volumes of SWIFT's works were publiſhed together, and paſſed immediately under his own inſpection. Not long afterwards came out two additional volumes, both which were ſuperviſed and corrected by the author.

THE Conduct of the Allies begins the fifth volume. I imagine that *the Publiſher's Preface* was compoſed by the Dean himſelf, but affectedly written in a bad ſtyle. The laſt paragraph makes me ſuſpect his hand. "*It is plainly ſeen,* "ſays the Publiſher, *that a ſpirit of* "*liberty is diffuſed through all theſe* "*writings, and that the author is an* "*enemy to tyranny and oppreſſion in any* "*ſhape whatever.*" This is the character at which Swift aimed, and this is the character which indeed he deſerved.

THROUGH-

THROUGHOUT the courſe of theſe letters, I have freely pointed out to you all his faults, but I beg you to remember, that with all thoſe faults he was above corruption. A virtue in itſelf ſufficient to cover a multitude of human failings, ſince from that virtue alone can flow proſperity to the commonwealth.

THE Conduct of the Allies was written in the year 1712, and it is preparatory to the peace, which the miniſters were then concerting, and which was afterwards perfected at *Utrecht*. It begins by reflections on war in general, and then particularly mentions the ſeveral civil wars in our kingdom. When I am reading treatiſes of this ſort, I cannot help pitying my unhappy country, torn to pieces by her own ſons. A wretched mother of vultures, for whom, like TITYUS, ſhe produces new entrails only to be devoured.

THE

THE papers called *the Examiners*, at leaſt thoſe of which Dr. SWIFT is the author, fill up the reſt of the volume. They begin in *November* 1710, and they are carried down to the end of *July* 1711. They are written in defence of the new adminiſtration, and the particular revolutions at court which had introduced the Earl of OXFORD, and had diſplaced the Earl of GODOLPHIN and his friends.

MANY of SWIFT's *Examiners* are perſonally aimed at the General[a]. In a free country, the power of a general is always to be feared. The greater his military capacity, or the more ſucceſsful his arms, in the greater danger are the liberties of the people. On this maxim SWIFT proceeded; and while he was writing in defence of the commonwealth, he had an opportunity of giving a looſe to his own ſeverity, of which *the houſe of Pride*, and ſeveral other allegorical eſſays are very ſpirited examples.

BUT

[a] The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

BUT I am fettered in my animadverſions on theſe papers. The preſent times, and the honour which I bear to many noble families, deſcended from perſons mentioned in *the Examiners*, make me willing to take as ſlight notice as poſſible even of the wittieſt paſſages in thoſe papers, becauſe many of thoſe paſſages ariſe from perſonal reflections, or party ſarcaſms. In general, the ſeveral points relating to the national debt (alas! how encreaſed ſince the year ſeventeen hundred and ten) the too long continuance of the war, and other public topics of complaint are melancholy truths, juſtly becoming the pen of a man who loves his country.

WITHIN theſe laſt forty years, the political treatiſes have been ſo numerous, ſo various, ſo local, and ſo temporary, that each new pamphlet has ſucceeded its predeceſſor, like a youthful ſon to an antient father amidſt a multiplicity of followers, admirers, and dependants, whilſt

whilſt the antiquated Sire having *ſtrutted and foamed his hour upon the ſtage, is heard no more*, but lies ſilent, and almoſt entirely forgotten, except by a few friends and cotemporaries, who accidentally remember ſome of his juſt obſervations, or prophetical aphoriſms, which they have lived to ſee accompliſhed. Thus has it fared even in my time, with the EXAMINERS, the FREEHOLDERS, and the CRAFTSMAN: and the ſame fate will attend moſt writings of that ſort, which being framed to ſerve particular views fulfill the purport of their creation, and then periſh: while works of a more liberal and diffuſive kind are acceptable to all perſons, and all times; and may aſſume to themſelves, a certain proſpect of ſurviving to the lateſt poſterity.

BUT my deareſt HAMILTON, when you enter into the commerce of life, you will be obliged in your own defence, to look into every thing that has been written upon political ſubjects. In *England*,

land, a man cannot keep up a converſation without being well verſed in politics. In whatever other point of learning he may be deficient, he certainly muſt not appear ſuperficial in ſtate affairs. He muſt chuſe his party; and he muſt ſtick to the choice. *Non revocare gradum* muſt be his motto; and Heaven forgive you, my dear ſon, if the *gradus* now and then enforces you to act againſt ſelf conviction.

If party, and the conſequences of it had ariſen to that heighth among the Romans and Grecians, as it has ariſen of late years among the Engliſh, their poets would probably have added *her* to the three furies, and would have placed her in hell, as a fit companion for Tysiphone, Megara, and Alecto, from whence, according to their deſcription, ſhe might have made excurſions upon earth, only with an intention to deſtroy, confound, miſlead, and diſunite mankind.

IT is true, that all countries have their parties and their factions. But there is a certain contagious diſtemper of this ſort, ſo peculiar to the Britiſh iſlands, that, I believe, it is unknown to every other part of the world. It encreaſes our natural gloom, and it makes us ſo averſe to each other, that it keeps men of the beſt morals, and moſt ſocial inclinations, in one continued ſtate of warfare and oppoſition. Muſt not the ſource of this malady ariſe rather from the heart, than from the head? from the different operations of our paſſions, than of our reaſon?

Furorne cæcus, an rapit vis acrior,
An culpa?

SWIFT, a man of violent paſſions, was, in conſequence of thoſe paſſions, violent in his party: but as his capacity and genius were ſo extraordinary and extenſive, even his party writings carry with them dignity and inſtruction: and

in

in that light I wiſh you to read *the Examiners*, where you will find a nervous ſtyle, a clear diction, and great knowledge of the true landed intereſt of *England*.

I am,

My dear HAMILTON,

Your ever affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER XVIII.

SUCH a confuſion, ſuch a mixture of verſe, proſe, politics, letters, ſimiles, wit, trifles, and *polite converſation*, are thrown into the ſixth volume, that I know not in what manner to treat it, or what particular part to recommend to your peruſal. The poetry, the ſimiles, and the trifles are not worth your attention. Of the letters, the two from the Earl of PETERBOROUGH to Mr. POPE are

ſhort, but excellent in their kind. The others, I mean thoſe of the Dean, and of Mr. POPE, have much leſs merit, or at leaſt are much leſs agreeable. Lord PETERBOROUGH's wit is eaſy and unaffected. At the time when he wrote thoſe two letters, he had hung up his helmet, and his buckler, and was retired to his plough, and his wheelbarrow, wearied of courts, and diſguſted with ſtateſmen. He had made a moſt conſiderable figure in his day. His character was amiable and uncommon. His life was a continued ſeries of variety. In his public and private conduct he differed from moſt men. He had viſited all climates, but had ſtaid in none. He was a citizen of the world. He conquered and maintained armies without money. His actions and expreſſions were peculiar to himſelf. He was of a vivacity ſuperiour to all fatigue, and his courage was beyond any conception of danger. He verified, in many inſtances, whatever has been ſaid of romantic heroes. He ſeems to have been

been fixed only in his friendſhips and moral principles. He had a moſt true regard and affection for SWIFT and POPE. The Dean, in a ſhort copy of verſes*, has deſcribed him in a very particular manner, but ſo juſtly, that the four laſt ſtanzas will give a moſt perfect, and compleat idea of Lord PETERBOROUGH's perſon and military virtues,

" A *ſkeleton* in outward figure,
" His meagre corps, though full of vigour,
" Would halt behind him were it bigger.

" So wonderful his expedition,
" When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
" He's with you like an apparition.

" Shines in all climates like a ſtar,
" In ſenates bold, and fierce in war,
" A land commander, and a tar.

" Heroic actions early bred in,
" Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
" But by his name-ſake CHARLES of *Sweden*.

THE

* Vol. II. Page 222.

THE *Publick ſpirit of the Whigs* is a pamphlet in anſwer to the Criſis written by Sir RICHARD STEELE, but it contains ſuch acute ſatyr againſt the nobility of *Scotland*, that in an advertiſement printed before it, we are told, "*All the Scotch* "*lords then in London went in a body to* "*complain againſt the author, and the con-* "*ſequence of that complaint was a procla-* "*mation offering a reward of three hun-* "*dred pounds to diſcover him.*" It was written in the year 1712, by the conſent, if not the encouragement of the miniſters of that æra. In the ſtyle and conduct, it is one of the boldeſt, as well as one of the moſt maſterly tracts that SWIFT ever wrote. And I cannot help again obſerving, that on whatever topic he employs his pen, the ſubject which he treats of, is always ſo excellently managed, as to ſeem to have been the whole ſtudy, and application of his life: ſo that he appears the greateſt maſter through a greater variety of materials,

terials, than perhaps have been diſcuſſed by any other author.

THE *Biſhop of Saliſbury* [Dr. BURNET] is the next antagoniſt whom SWIFT attacks in ſingle combat. I can give you no better idea of this work, than by a quotation from the tract itſelf, which is called, *A Preface to the Biſhop of Saliſbury's introduction to the third volume of the Hiſtory of the Reformation of the Church of England.* Towards the latter end of the Pamphlet [a] SWIFT ſays,

" *However he* [THE BISHOP] *thanks*
" GOD, *there are many among us who ſtand*
" *in the breach: I believe there may: it*
" *is a* BREACH *of their own making, and*
" *they deſign to come forward, and ſtorm*
" *and plunder, if they are not driven back.*
" THEY MAKE THEMSELVES A WALL
" FOR THEIR CHURCH AND COUNTRY.
" A SOUTH *wall, I ſuppoſe, for all the*
" *beſt fruit of the church and country to be*

 " *nailed*

[a] Page 89.

" *nailed on. Let us examine this metaphor.*
" THE WALL OF OUR CHURCH AND
" COUNTRY *is built of thoſe who love*
" *the conſtitution in both. Our domeſtic*
" *enemies undermine ſome parts of the*
" WALL, *and place themſelves in the*
" BREACH; *and then they cry,* WE ARE
" THE WALL. *We do not like ſuch*
" *patch-work; they build with untempered*
" *mortar; nor can they ever cement with*
" *us, till they get better materials; and bet-*
" *ter workmen:* GOD *keep us from having*
" *our* BREACHES *made up with ſuch*
" *rubbiſh:* THEY STAND UPON THE
" WATCHTOWER! *They are indeed prag-*
" *matical enough to do ſo; but who aſſigned*
" *them that poſt, to give us falſe intelligence,*
" *to alarm us with falſe dangers, and ſend*
" *us to defend one gate, while their accom-*
" *plices are breaking in at another?* THEY
" CRY TO GOD DAY AND NIGHT TO
" AVERT THE JUDGEMENT OF POPERY,
" WHICH SEEMS TO HASTEN TOWARDS
" US. *Then I affirm they are hypocrites*
" *by day, and filthy dreamers by night.*

" *When*

" *When they cry unto Him, He will not*
" *hear them: for they cry out againſt the*
" *plaineſt dictates of their own conſcience,*
" *reaſon and belief.*

" *But laſtly,* THEY LIE IN THE DUST,
" MOURNING BEFORE HIM. *Hang me*
" *if I believe that, unleſs it be figuratively*
" *ſpoken. But, ſuppoſe it to be true, why*
" *do* THEY LIE IN THE DUST? *becauſe*
" *they love to raiſe it; for what do they*
" *mourn? why for power, wealth, and*
" *places. There let the enemies of the Queen,*
" *Monarchy, and the Church lie, and mourn,*
" *and lick the* DUST *like* SERPENTS, *till*
" *they are truly ſenſible of their ingratitude,*
" *falſhood, diſobedience, ſlander, blaſphemy,*
" *ſedition, and every evil work.*"

I MUST follow the ſame method in forming your idea of the next pamphlet, by a quotation out of it, which happens to be the firſt paragraph. The title is, *The Preſbyterians Plea of Merit in order to take off the Teſt, impartially examined:* and the

the author begins in the true vein of wit and ſpirit, by ſaying, " *We have been* " *told in the common news papers, that all* " *attempts are to be made this ſeſſions by the* " *preſbyterians and their abettors, for taking* " *off the teſt; as a kind of preparatory ſtep* " *to make it go down ſmoother in England.* " *For, if once* THEIR LIGHT WOULD SO " SHINE, *the papiſts, delighted with the* " *blaze, would all come in and dance about it.* " *This I take to be a prudent method, like* " *that of a diſcreet phyſician, who firſt gives* " *a new medicine to a dog, before he pre-* " *ſcribes it to* A HUMAN CREATURE." I have quoted this ſhort paſſage for the ſtyle, as well as the matter; and I dare ſay, even from hence you will be confirmed in one general obſervation, that SWIFT maintains and conducts his metaphors and alluſions, with a juſtneſs particularly delicate and exact, and without the leaſt ſtiffneſs, or affectation. In ſome of my former letters, I have mentioned in what degree of contempt and hatred he held the diſſenters, eſpecially the preſbyterians; and

and I need only add, that as this pamphlet was written for the meridian of *Ireland*, it ought to have been placed with the other tracts on the ſame ſubject.

The ſubſequent pamphlet is, *Advice offered to the Members of the October Club*. It was written in the year 1711, and is ſo applicable to that particular time, that I ſhall not make any animadverſions upon it. From political tracts, the true hiſtory of *England* is to be deduced: and if foreigners were to enter into that branch of reading, they might frame a more diſtinct notion of our legiſlature, and of our manners, than from more laboured, and connected accounts of our conſtitution.' In ſuch a view, I am apt to think, that, at firſt ſight, they muſt behold us a diſunited, diſcontented, and ſeemingly an unſteady people: but I am certain, that, upon a more minute diſquiſition, they muſt find in us a fixed, and, I may ſay, an innate love of liberty, variegated, and perhaps ſometimes erroneous in its progreſs, but conſtant,

conſtant, and unwearied in the purſuit of that glorious end. What people upon earth can deſire a more exalted, or a more diſtinguiſhed character? To ſpeak in the dialect of the heathen world, our errors are the errors of men, our principles are the principles of gods.

THE other pieces in this volume, except *The Remarks on the Barrier Treaty*, are not, in my mind, ſufficiently ſtriking to deſerve much notice. Some of them are the *minutiſſimæ* of SWIFT's writings, which, I believe, he would ſcarce have publiſhed, fond as he was of ſeeing his works in print, if he had been in the full vigour of his underſtanding, or had conſidered, that thoſe kind of trifles, which are weak as feathers, in ſupporting a reputation, are heavy as lead, in depreſſing it.

I am, my deareſt HAM,

Your moſt affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

THE ſeventh volume contains SWIFT's epiſtolary correſpondence, from the year 1714 to the year 1737, and, as it is an acknowledged obſervation, that no part of an author's writings give a greater inſight into his natural diſpoſition than his letters, (eſpecially when written with freedom and ſincerity) I ſhall endeavour to point out to you, ſuch circumſtances in SWIFT's epiſtles, and in the anſwer of his friends, as may afford you materials to form your own conjectures upon the different characters not only of *the Dean*, but of his correſpondents. From preceding letters, you are probably become acquainted with Dr. SWIFT, but the manners and opinions of thoſe perſons with whom he correſponded, are in every reſpect ſo blended with his own, as not

to

to be eaſily ſeparated, and in ſuch a kind of united view, they will mutually reflect light upon each other.

To a young man juſt entering into the world as you are, the ſubject may prove of particular importance, as it may guide him not only in the choice of his correſpondents, but in his manner of writing to them.

THE freedom of the preſs is to be watched and defended with the moſt jealous eye. It is one of the chief articles of that great *Charter* of liberty to which the people of *England* are entitled: but as no human inſtitution can be perfect, even this branch of liberty has its excreſcences that might be pruned. I mean particularly that licenſe which of late has too much prevailed of publiſhing epiſtolary correſpondences. Such a faſhion, for I know not what elſe to call it, is extremely pernicious. At preſent, it ſatisfies the curioſity of the public; but for the

the future, it will tend to reſtrain that unſuſpicious openneſs, which is the principal delight of writing to our friends. I am ſorry to ſay by experience, that the letters which contain the moſt ſincere, and perhaps haſty obſervations upon perſons, times, and circumſtances, are often reſerved as treaſures, and hoarded up, as miſers hoard gold; like which, they lie concealed in cabinets and ſtrong boxes for ſome time, till chancing to fall into the hands of an extravagant heir, or an injudicious executor, they are not only brought into light, but diſperſed and expoſed, ſo as to become the property of the whole world. Let me adviſe you therefore, my HAMILTON, when you give your opinion upon any important ſubject, to conſider it well, before you commit your thoughts to paper. Expreſs yourſelf with diffidence. Preſerve a prudent reſtraint over the ſallies of wit and humour: and be cautious in all declarations of friendſhip; as the very common offers

offers of civility, are too often explained into undeſigned engagements.

I OWN, HAM, I find myſelf under no ſmall difficulty in diſcuſſing this volume of SWIFT's letters. General criticiſms will be attended with obſcurity: and it would be tedious to conſider them in their exact order. I ſhall endeavour therefore, to take a review only of what ſeems to deſerve your attention. Let us begin with the letters that paſſed between Dr. SWIFT and Mr. POPE. The correſpondence had commenced in a very early part of Mr. POPE's life, and was carried on with ſcarce any interruption from the death of the Queen. If we may judge of Mr. POPE from his works, his chief aim was to be eſteemed a man of virtue. His letters are written in that ſtyle. His laſt volumes are all of the moral kind. He has avoided trifles, and conſequently has eſcaped a rock which has proved very injurious to SWIFT's reputation. He has given

given his imagination full ſcope, and yet has preſerved a perpetual guard upon his conduct. The conſtitution of his body and mind might early incline him to habits of caution and reſerve. The treatment which he met afterwards from an innumerable tribe of adverſaries, confirmed thoſe habits, and made him ſlower than the *Dean* in pronouncing his judgement upon perſons and things. His proſe writings are little leſs harmonious than his verſe: and his voice in common converſation was ſo naturally muſical, that I remember honeſt Tom Southerne uſed always to call him *The little nightingale*. His manners were delicate, eaſy, and engaging: and he treated his friends with a politeneſs that charmed, and a generoſity that was much to his honour. Every gueſt was made happy within his doors. Pleaſure dwelt under his roof, and elegance preſided at his table. Dr. Swift was of a different diſpoſition: To his domeſtics he was paſſionate and churliſh: to his equals and ſuperiors

rather an entertaining than a deſirable companion. He told a ſtory in an admirable manner: his ſentences were ſhort, and perſpicuous, his obſervations were piercing. He had ſeen the great world, and had profited much by his experience. He had not the leaſt tincture of vanity in his converſation. He was perhaps, as he ſaid himſelf, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner entirely his own. In his friendſhips he was conſtant and undiſguiſed. He was the ſame in his enmities, He generally ſpoke as he thought in all companies and at all times. I remember to have heard, that he dined once at a Lord Mayor's feaſt in *Dublin*, and was attacked, and teized by an opulent, boiſterous, half-intoxicated *'Squire*, who happened to ſit next him: he bore the aukward railery for ſome time, and then on a ſudden called out in a loud voice to the Mayor, " *My Lord,* " *here is one of your bears at my ſhoulder,* " *he has been worrying me this half hour,* " *I deſire you will order him to be taken off.*"

In

In theſe laſt particulars he differed widely from his friend POPE, who could ſtifle reſentment, and wait with patience till a more diſtant, and perhaps a more ſeaſonable hour of revenge. But notwithſtanding the diſſimilitude of minds, and manners, which was apparent between theſe two great men, yet the ſame ſort of friendſhip ſeems to have ſubſiſted between them, as between VIRGIL and HORACE. The mutual affection of the two Engliſh poets appears throughout their works: and therefore in this place, I cannot avoid taking notice of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, and not without ſome degree of ſucceſs, "That the friendſhip between "POPE and SWIFT was not ſo firm and "perfect at the latter end as at the be-"ginning of their lives." On Dr. SWIFT's ſide, I am certain, it ever remained unalterable: nor did it appear leſs fervent on the ſide of Mr. POPE. Their letters are the beſt evidence to determine the doubt. In one of SWIFT's lateſt letters to me, not long before he was loſt to all human

comforts, he ſays, "*When you ſee my dear* "*friend* POPE, *tell him I will anſwer his* "*letter ſoon; I love him above all the reſt* "*of mankind.*" In my long correſpondence with Mr. POPE, I ſcarce received the leaſt billet from him, without the kindeſt mention of Dr. SWIFT: and the tendereſt anxiety for his ſtate of health. Judge by the following paragraphs. The firſt, dated July the 12th, 1737.

Mr Lord, The pleaſure you gave me, in acquainting me of the Dean's better health, is one ſo truly great, as might content even your own humanity: and whatever my ſincere opinion and reſpect of your Lordſhip prompts me to wiſh from your hands for myſelf, your love for him makes me as happy. Would to GOD *my weight, added to your's, could turn his inclinations to this ſide, that I might live to enjoy him here thro' your means, and flatter myſelf 'twas partly thro' my own! But this, I fear, will never be the caſe; and I think it more probable, his attraction will draw me on the other ſide, which,*

which, I proteſt, nothing leſs than a probability of dying at ſea, conſidering the weak frame of my breaſt, would have hindered me from, two years paſt. In ſhort, whenever I think of him, 'tis with the vexation of all impotent paſſions that carry us out of ourſelves only to ſpoil our quiet, and make us return to a reſignation, which is the moſt melancholy of all virtues. And in another letter, dated April 2, 1738, he ſays, *I write by the ſame poſt that I received your very obliging and humane letter. The conſideration you ſhew towards me, in the juſt apprehenſion that any news of the Dean's condition might alarm me, is moſt kind and generous. The very laſt poſt I writ to him a long letter, little ſuſpecting him in that dangerous circumſtance. I was ſo far from fearing his health, that I was propoſing ſchemes, and hoping poſſibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I am weary of it; and ſhall have one reaſon more, and one of the ſtrongeſt that nature can give me (even when ſhe is ſhaking my weak frame to pieces) to be willing to leave this world,*

when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to preſerve to this wretched age a relique and example of the laſt. One more quotation, and I have done. TWITNAM, November 7, *When you get to* Dublin *(whither I direct this, ſuppoſing you will ſee our dear friend as ſoon as poſſible) pray put the Dean in mind of me, and tell him I hope he received my laſt. Tell him how dearly I love, and how greatly I honour him: how greatly I reflect on every teſtimony of his friendſhip; how much I reſolve to give the beſt I can of my eſteem for him to poſterity; and aſſure him the world has nothing in it I admire ſo much, nothing, the loſs of which I ſhould regret ſo much, as his genius and his virtues.*

MY excuſe, for I ſtand in need of one, by having inſerted theſe ſcraps of letters, is my real deſire of convincing you, that the affection of SWIFT and POPE ſubſiſted as entire and uninterrupted as their friends could wiſh, or their enemies regret.

It

It muſt be owned, that we as ſeldom ſee a mutual attachment between poets, as between ſtateſmen. "True friendſhip, "as TULLY obſerves, proceeds from a "reciprocal eſteem, and a virtuous re-"ſemblance of manners." When ſuch is the baſis, the variety in certain tenets and opinions is of no ill conſequence to the union: and will ſcarce ever unlooſe the ſocial ties of love, veneration, and eſteem. Thus the friendſhip between ATTICUS and HORTENSIUS, although they were of different ſects, one a Stoic, and the other an Epicurean, ſubſiſted like Mr. POPE's and Dr. SWIFT's, firm and conſtant to the laſt, when that of ANTHONY, LEPIDUS, and AUGUSTUS, continued no longer than while it was ſubſervient to their views of intereſt. CATILINE ſays, *Idem velle, ac idem nolle, ea demum amicitia eſt.* This often attends a vitious conſpiracy; and perhaps an agreement ſo perfectly mutual, is ſcarce to be met with in any other inſtance. Emulation generally breaks the chain of

friendſhip between poets. They are running with the utmoſt eagerneſs to the ſame goal; no wonder, if, in the race, they endeavour to trip up each other's heels.

As I have often reverted in my mind certain particulars relating to my two poetical friends, I have always thought, that the circumſtance of their purſuing different roads in poetry, and living in different kingdoms, was probably one of the happieſt incidents in their lives. Such a ſeparation prevented all perſonal diſſenſions, and fixt them in a correſpondence, that conſtantly tended to eſtabliſh their endearments; when, perhaps, a reſidence near each other, might have had a very contrary effect. It is much eaſier to rectify any miſtake, or to cool any animoſity that may have ariſen, in a letter, than to recal a paſſionate verbal anſwer, eſpecially if uttered with all the actions, and vehemence of anger. The impreſſion of ſuch a ſcene remains long upon the mind

of

of the perſon offended, and the old adage is tranſpoſed, *Vox audita manet, litera ſcripta perit.* Few men can ſubmit to contradiction. SWIFT was certainly not of the number, and therefore I am perſuaded, that his diſtance from his Engliſh friends, proved a ſtrong incitement to their mutual affection. But, I muſt again repeat, that throughout the long ſeries of letters which have been publiſhed, not the leaſt altercations appear to have happened between SWIFT and POPE.

IN all SWIFT's writings, you will find his own peculiar vein of humour. The ſame liberty of expreſſion would have been improper and abſurd in any other writer, but it produced the conſequences which he deſired. His ſeeming arrogance gained him more favour than the humility, and affected benevolence of others. His raillery and freedom of cenſure, are conveyed in a manner more prevalent, and perhaps often more agreeable than flattery. He ſeldom praiſed, but where merit

merit was conſpicuous. A ſingle ſtroke of his pen pleaſed more, and gave more honour, than a long flattering dedication from any other author. His ſtyle was maſterly, correct, and ſtrong: never diffuſive, yet always clear; and, if we conſider it in compariſon with his predeceſſors, he has outdone them all, and is one, perhaps the chief, of thoſe few ſelect Engliſh writers, who have excelled in elegance and propriety of language.

LORD BACON is the firſt author, who has attempted any ſtyle that can be reliſhable to the preſent age, for I muſt own to you, that I think SWIFT, and his cotemporaries, have brought our language to the utmoſt degree of perfection, without the help of a LONGINUS, a QUINTILIAN, or even of a dictionary, or a grammar. Lord BACON has written with an infinite fund of knowledge: every ſcience that he treats upon, is diſcuſſed by him with the greateſt learning and dignity, and he ſhews himſelf at once

a philoſopher, an hiſtorian, a politician, and a divine: but his dialect (for, that demands our preſent attention) is quibbling and pedantic; and never more ſo than when he condeſcends to flatter his royal maſter, and the minions of that court.

Consider the proſaical works of Milton, you will find them more nervous than elegant; more diſtinguiſhed by the ſtrength of reaſon, than by the rules of rhetoric; his diction is harſh, his periods tedious; and, when he becomes a proſe-writer, the majeſty, that attends his poetry, vaniſhes, and is entirely loſt: yet, with all his faults, and excluſive of his character as a poet, he muſt ever remain the only learned author of that taſteleſs age in which he flouriſhed: and it is probable, that his great attention to the Latin language, might have rendered him leſs correct, than he otherwiſe would have been, in his native tongue.

HARRINGTON has his admirers, he may poſſibly have his merits, but they *flow not* in his ſtyle. A later writer, of the ſame republican principles, has far excelled him; I mean, ALGERNON SYDNEY, whoſe diſcourſes concerning government are admirably written, and contain great hiſtorical knowledge, and a remarkable propriety of diction; ſo that his name, in my opinion, ought to be much higher eſtabliſhed in the temple of literature, than I have hitherto found it placed.

LORD CLARENDON, is an hiſtorian whoſe dignity of expreſſion has juſtly given him the preference to any of our biographical authors. But his periods are the *periods of a mile*. His parentheſes embarraſs the ſenſe of his narration, and certain inaccuracies, appearing throughout his works, are delivered with a formality that renders them ſtill more conſpicuous.

AMONG

AMONG our Engliſh writers, few men have gained a greater character for elegance and correctneſs, than SPRAT, Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, and few men have deſerved it leſs. When I have read his works, I have always wondered from whence ſuch a piece of good fortune might have ariſen, and could only attribute it to Mr. COWLEY, who, in a very delicate copy of verſes, has celebrated his friend Dr. SPRAT for eloquence, wit, and a certain *candid ſtyle*, which the poet compares to the river *Thames*, gliding with an even current, and diſplaying the moſt beautiful appearances of nature. Poets and painters have their favourites, whom they tranſmit to poſterity in what colours and attitudes they pleaſe: but I am miſtaken, if, upon a review of SPRAT's works, his language will not ſooner give you an idea of one of the inſignificant tottering boats upon the *Thames*, than of the ſmooth noble current of the river itſelf.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE is an eaſy, careleſs, incorrect writer, elegantly negligent, politely learned, and engagingly familiar.

THUS, my dear HAM, I have curſorily mentioned ſome of the brighteſt ſons of fame among our Engliſh authors, only to point out to you the preference due to Dr. SWIFT: but he is not entitled alone to the olive garland: he has had his coadjutors in the victory. The triumvirate, to whom we owe an elegance and propriety unknown to our forefathers, are SWIFT, ADDISON, and BOLINGBROKE. At the ſight of ſuch names, no diſpute can ariſe in preferring the Engliſh moderns to the Engliſh antients. The preſent century, and indeed all future generations, may be congratulated upon the acquiſition of three ſuch men.

BUT to return more cloſely to SWIFT. He has perfectly ſtudied the drama of human

human life, and particularly the tendency and irregularities of its different characters. He has choſen, (as I dare ſay I have mentioned in former letters) to recommend virtue, by repreſenting vice in a diſagreeable and ridiculous light. As his temper was naturally full of acrimony, a certain innate ſeverity runs throughout all his letters. You will find him, in the advice, which he offers to his friends, and in the general account which he gives of his own conduct, too cloſe an œconomiſt. This parſimony proceeded from a deſire of being independent: and ſince that was the cauſe, he will be forgiven, or, at leaſt, excuſed by all honeſt men.

MR. POPE had different talents from his friend SWIFT; his imagination was fine and delicate: his fancy was ever on the wing. In his earlier time of life, his way of thinking was diffuſive, and conſequently his judgement was unconfined. As that judgement ripened with years, he

he ſhewed the full ſtrength of it in his *Ethic Epiſtles*, and his *Eſſay on Man*. There the poet has almoſt yielded to the philoſopher; and his moral ſyſtem has charmed more by the force of truth and reaſon, than even by the numbers with which he adorned it.

I CANNOT avoid thinking, that, in this particular branch of learning, Mr. POPE owed the exertion of his talents to Lord BOLINGBROKE, who had ſtudied the procedure, and limits of the human underſtanding, as exactly as SWIFT had conſidered the irregularities of the paſſions in different characters of the human ſpecies. Lord BOLINGBROKE had early made himſelf maſter of books and men: but, in his firſt career of life, being immerſed at once in buſineſs and pleaſure, he ran thorough a variety of ſcenes in a ſurpriſing and excentric manner. When his paſſions ſubſided by years and diſappointments, and when he improved his rational faculties by more grave ſtudies and reflexion,

reflection, he ſhone out in his retirement with a luſtre peculiar to himſelf; though not ſeen by vulgar eyes. The gay ſtateſman was changed into a philoſopher equal to any of the ſages of antiquity. The wiſdom of SOCRATES, the dignity and eaſe of PLINY, and the wit of HORACE, appeared in all his writings and converſation.

BUT my letter is growing to an intolerable length. It is time to finiſh it; and believe me, HAMILTON, were my letters to fill reams of paper, they would be written only with a view of repeating the dictates of my heart, which, in its laſt beating moments, will throb towards you, and thoſe other dear objects, to whom I am

An affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

R LET-

LETTER XX.

I HAVE been reading this morning a long letter from Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE, dated at *Dublin*, *January* 10, 1721 [a], and I have been confined to a greater ſhare of attention, as it ſeems to furniſh more materials of his life and principles, than any other of his epiſtolary writings. The letter breaths an air of ſincerity and freedom, and is addreſſed to a particular friend at a time, when the views of ambition were at an end. It may therefore be conſidered as a confeſſion of one departing from this world, who only is deſirous to vindicate his own character, and is anxious that his aſhes may reſt in peace.

IT was written immediately after the arbitrary conduct of a judge in *Ireland*, who endeavoured to deſtroy the freedom of

[a] Volume VII. Page 12.

of juries, and conſequently the very eſſence of that liberty and ſafety, which we have a right to poſſeſs by the conſtitution of our ſtate. SWIFT very generouſly declares himſelf averſe to all rigorous proceedings againſt perſons ſuſpected of problematical guilt. "*By ſuch ſtrict* "*enquiries*, ſays he, *a gate is left open to* "*the whole tribe of informers, the moſt ac-* "*curſed, proſtitute, and abandoned race that* "GOD *ever permitted to plague mankind.*" Upon this ſubject I cannot avoid recollecting ſome particulars from a book, which has lately given me great delight and inſtruction, and which I recommend very warmly to your peruſal. I mean *L'Eſprit des Loix*. The author of that book, MONSIEUR DE MONTESQUIEU obſerves, "that informers have been chiefly "encouraged under the moſt tyrannical "governments. In the reign of TIBE-"RIUS triumphal ornaments were con-"ferred upon them, and ſtatues erected "to their honour. In the reign of NERO, "upon the diſcovery and puniſhment of

" a pretended conſpiracy, triumphal dig-
" nities were allotted to TURPILIANUS,
" COCCEIUS NERVA, and TIGILLINUS."
In another part of his book, the BARON DE MONTESQUIEU takes notice, " that in
" *Turkey*, where little regard is ſhewn
" to the honour, lives, or eſtates of the
" ſubject, all cauſes are determined by
" the preſiding Baſhaw: and in *Rome*,
" the judges had no more to do than to
" declare, that the perſon accuſed was
" guilty of a particular crime, and then
" the puniſhment was found in the laws."
From theſe, and other examples of arbitrary government, this elegant author takes a particular pleaſure in diſtinguiſhing, and admiring the civil conſtitution of *England*, where, he ſays, " the jury
" determine, whether the fact, brought
" under their cognizance, be proved or
" not, if it be proved, the judge pro-
" nounces the puniſhment inflicted by
" the law for ſuch a particular fact: and
" for this, adds the BARON, he need
" only open his eyes." But if MONSIEUR

DE MONTESQUIEU had read SWIFT's letter, or indeed had recollected many notorious facts of our hiſtory, he muſt have obſerved, that the judges have been often deaf to the repeated voice of the jury, and have not only ſhut their eyes, againſt our excellent laws, but have aſſumed, " that terrible and menacing " air, which COMMODUS ordered to be " given to his ſtatues."

THE method of trials by juries, is generally looked upon as one of the moſt excellent branches of our conſtitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original eſtabliſhment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood: and are to be ſo avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reaſonable exception can be made to them on either ſide. In treaſon the perſon accuſed has a right to challenge five and thirty, and in felony twenty, without ſhewing cauſe of challenge. Nothing can be more equit-

able. No priſoner can deſire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often compoſed of men of mean eſtates, and low underſtandings; many difficult points of law are brought before them, and ſubmitted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable of determining, properly and judiciouſly, ſuch nice matters of juſtice, although the judges of the court explain the nature of the caſe, and the law which ariſes upon it. But, if they are not defective in knowledge, they are ſometimes, I fear, from their ſtation and indigence, liable to corruption. This indeed is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the inſtitution itſelf. The point, moſt liable to objection, is the power, which any one, or more of the twelve, have to ſtarve the reſt into a compliance with their opinion; ſo that the verdict may poſſibly be given by ſtrength of conſtitution, not by conviction of conſcience: "*and wretches hang* "*that jurymen may dine.*" All this by the

the by. Now let us return to SWIFT's letter of the tenth of *January*.

IN it is moſt evidently diſplayed his immutable attachment to *Ireland*. Such a kind of patriotiſm muſt have proceeded from a true love of liberty; for hé hated individuals, and deſpiſed moſt of the men of property and power in that kingdom: he owed them no obligations, and while by his writings he laboured to make their poſterity happy, he forced from themſelves an involuntary, but univerſal applauſe. His conduct was ſo uniform, and conſtant in the cauſe of *Ireland*, that he not only gained the praiſe, but the confidence of that whole nation, who are a people ſeldom, if ever, inclined to ſtudy and purſue their own intereſt, and who are always exceedingly apt to ſuſpect any advice that is contrary, or in defiance to a miniſterial direction.

SWIFT's principles of government ſeem to have been founded upon that excellent

maxim, *Salus populi ſuprema eſt lex.* He begins by clearing himſelf from Jacobitiſm. He ſpeaks of the revolution as a neceſſary but dangerous expedient, which has ſince been attended with unavoidable bad conſequences. He declares his mortal antipathy to ſtanding armies in time of peace. He adores the wiſdom of that inſtitution which rendered our parliaments annual. He prefers the landed to the monied intereſt, and expreſſes a noble abhorrence to the ſuſpenſion of thoſe laws, upon which the liberty of the ſubject depends. When theſe articles of his political tenets are examined, they will leave no room for any one particular party to aſſume the honour of having had him in their alliance. He was neither Whig nor Tory, neither Jacobite nor Republican. He was DOCTOR SWIFT.

HIS judgement, in relation to the viſible decay of literature and good ſenſe, is perfectly juſt. He attributes this national calamity to the prevailing luxury

of

of the times, which he inſtances in the encouragement of factions, and of ſeveral public diverſions, all tending to the increaſe of folly, ignorance, and vice. His ſentiments are delivered more with the air of a philoſopher than of a divine: and the concluſion of the letter is ſo proper, and ſo excellent a defence of his own manner of acting and thinking, that, in regard to his memory, I muſt be at the trouble of tranſcribing it.

" [a] *ALL I can reaſonably hope for*, ſays " SWIFT, *by this letter, is to convince my* " *friends and others, who are pleaſed to* " *wiſh me well, that I have neither been* " *ſo ill a ſubject, nor ſo ſtupid an author,* " *as I have been repreſented by the viru-* " *lence of libellers, where malice hath* " *taken the ſame train in both, by father-* " *ing dangerous principles in government* " *upon me, which I never maintained, and* " *inſipid productions, which I am not* " *capable of writing. For, however I may* " *have*

[a] Vol. VII. Page 26.

" *have been ſowered by perſonal ill treat-*
" *ment, or by melancholy proſpects for the*
" *publick, I am too much a politician to*
" *expoſe my own ſafety by offenſive words,*
" *and, if my genius and ſpirit be ſunk by*
" *encreaſing years, I have at leaſt enough*
" *diſcretion left, not to miſtake the meaſure*
" *of my own abilities, by attempting ſub-*
" *jects where thoſe talents are neceſſary,*
" *which perhaps I may have loſt with my*
" *youth.*"

I HAVE choſen out this particular letter, as one of the moſt ſerious, and beſt performances that he has given us in the epiſtolary way. But, if I am to declare my opinion of the whole collection in the ſeventh volume, I own to you, it has not anſwered my expectation. The index at the beginning will make you hope for great treaſures, from the illuſtrious names that are there inſerted: but, in your purſuit, you will ſcarce find any remarkable inſtructions of morality, or even the common reaſonings and refinements that might

might naturally ariſe from ſo high a claſs of men, in the ordinary current of their thoughts. What is more ſurpriſing, you will ſeldom diſcover any keen ſtrokes of ſatyr, or any inſtantaneous ſallies of vivacity. I have often heard SWIFT ſay, "*When I ſit down to write a letter, I* "*never lean upon my elbow, till I have* "*finiſhed it.*" By which expreſſion he meant, that he never ſtudied for particular phraſes, or poliſhed paragraphs: his letters therefore are the truer repreſentations of his mind. They are written in the warmth of his affections, and when they are conſidered in the light of kindneſs and ſincerity, they illuſtrate his character to a very high degree. Throughout his various correſpondence you will diſcover very ſtrong marks of an anxious, benevolent friend: and, to my great pleaſure, I find the miſanthrope often loſt in the good-natured man. Read his letters to Mr. GAY, and you will be of my ſentiment; read thoſe to Dr. SHERIDAN,

DAN, in the eighth volume[a], and you will be farther confirmed in that opinion; we may compound therefore to loſe ſatyr and raillery, when we gain humanity and tenderneſs in their ſtead: yet, even in ſome of his higheſt ſcenes of benevolence, his expreſſions are delivered in ſuch a manner, as to ſeem rather the effects of haughtineſs than of good-nature: but you muſt never look upon him as a traveller in the common road. He muſt be viewed through a *camera obſcura* that turns all objects the contrary way. When he appears moſt angry, he is moſt pleaſed[b]; when moſt humble, he is moſt aſſuming[c]. Such was the man, and in ſuch variegated colours muſt he be painted.

THE letters from Lord BOLINGBROKE, which are inſerted in this collection, are written with an elegance and politeneſs that

[a] Beginning at page 384.

[b] See his letters to GAY, and to the Dutcheſs of *Queenſborough*, in Vol. VII.

[c] See his letter to Lord PALMERSTON, Vol. VIII. page 373.

that diſtinguiſh them from all the reſt. We ſee they were not intended for the preſs, but how valuable are the moſt careleſs ſtrokes of ſuch a pen?

GAY's letters have nothing in them ſtriking or recommendatory. His ſentiments are thoſe of an honeſt, indolent, good-natured man. He loved SWIFT to a degree of veneration: and the friendſhip was returned with great ſincerity. SWIFT writes to him in the ſame ſtrain as he would have written to a ſon: and ſeems to diſtinguiſh him as the correſpondent to whom he has not the leaſt grain of reſerve. In the ſeveral accounts which he gives of his ſituation at *Dublin*, and the idle manner of his paſſing his time there, he writes ſometimes in an ironical, and ſometimes in a contrary ſtyle. But, in one of his letters, dated *Auguſt* 28, 1731 [a], he tells GAY, "that "the moſt arrant trifles of his former "writings are ſerious philoſophical lu-
"cubrations,

[a] Vol. VII. Letter LIII. Page 185.

" cubrations, in compariſon to what he " now buſies himſelf about;" and his concluſive words are, " *As the world may* " *one day ſee.*" By this deſire of *letting the world ſee* what other men of leſs wit and more diſcretion, would carefully have concealed, he has placed himſelf open to the cenſure of his enemies, and beyond the reach of any defence from his friends. He has not only committed to the preſs a moſt deſpicable heap of writings, but has publickly recorded the loweſt amuſements of his private ſcenes of life, without having once ſuſpected, that perſons, whoſe ſtations, or abilities, have fixed them in a conſpicuous attitude, are looked upon by the reſt of mankind with a very critical, and a very envious eye. AUGUSTUS, as I remember, was a little aſhamed to be diſcovered at a game of cobnuts: and even DOMITIAN was cunning enough to withdraw into his cloſet to catch flies. Great minds, you will ſay, require to be often unbent. I allow it; but thoſe relaxations might be choſen,

ſo

ſo as to make idleneſs appear in a beautiful light: and SWIFT would have forfeited a leſs degree of fame by playing many years at puſh-pin, (the records of which he could not have printed) than by compoſing various kinds of *nonſenſe*, which, by his own option, have been honoured with a place in his works.

I SHOULD have been much pleaſed, in finding ſome of Dr. ARBUTHNOT's letters among this collection. Although he was juſtly celebrated for wit and learning, there was an excellence in his character more amiable than all his other qualifications: I mean the excellence of his heart. He has ſhewed himſelf equal to any of his cotemporaries in humour and vivacity: and he was ſuperior to moſt men in acts of humanity and benevolence: his very ſarcaſms are the ſatirical ſtrokes of good-nature; they are like ſlaps of the face given in jeſt, the effects of which may raiſe bluſhes, but no blackneſs will appear after the blows.

He

He laughs as jovially as an attendant upon BACCHUS, but continues as ſober and conſiderate as a diſciple of SOCRATES. He is ſeldom ſerious, except in his attacks upon vice, and then his ſpirit riſes with a manly ſtrength, and a noble indignation. His epitaph upon CHARTRES [a], (allowing one ſmall alteration, the word *permitted*, inſtead of *connived at)* is a compleat, and a maſterly compoſition in its kind. No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life: a merit ſtill more to his honour, as the ambitious powers of wit and genius are ſeldom ſubmiſſive enough to confine themſelves within the limitations of morality. In his letter to Mr. POPE [b], written, as it were, upon his death-bed, he diſcovers ſuch a noble fortitude of mind at the approach of his diſſolution, as could only be inſpired by a clear conſcience, and the calm retroſpect of an uninterrupted

a See POPE's Works, by WARBURTON, Vol. III. Page 219.

b See again POPE by WARBURTON, Vol. VIII. Letter XLVII.

rupted ſeries of virtue. The DEAN[a] laments the loſs of him with a pathetic ſincerity, "*The death of Mr.* GAY *and the* DOCTOR[b] "(ſays he to Mr. POPE) *have been terri-* "*ble wounds near my heart. Their living* "*would have been a great comfort to me,* "*although I ſhould never have ſeen them;* "*like a ſum of money in a bank, from* "*which I ſhould receive at leaſt annual* "*intereſt, as I do from you, and have* "*done from Lord* BOLINGBROKE." I have choſen this laſt quotation, not more in honour of SWIFT's tenderneſs and affection to thoſe whom he eſteemed, than with a deſign of ſpecifying to you as fine a groupe of friends[c], as have appeared ſince the Auguſtan age. As their letters were not intended for the public, perhaps I was unreaſonable in looking for medals, and not being contented with the common current ſpecies. In our prejudices

[a] SWIFT's Works, Vol. VII. Letter LXX.
[b] ARBUTHNOT.
[c] Lord BOLINGBROKE, SWIFT, POPE, ARBUTHNOT, GAY.

prejudices of favour or averſion we are apt to be deceived by names: nor can it be doubted, that ſuch writers might have furniſhed us with familiar letters, very different from thoſe, which have been collected in this ſeventh volume. They are filled indeed (eſpecially in the correſpondence between SWIFT and POPE) with the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of mutual eſteem; but thoſe expreſſions are repeated too often. When friendſhip has ſubſiſted ſo long, that time cannot encreaſe, nor words improve it, the commerce of affection between friends ought to be carried on in a ſtyle that neither ſinks below politeneſs, nor riſes into forced compliments. I cannot avoid obſerving the epiſtolary conciſeneſs that was in faſhion among the antients, eſpecially their concluſive ſentences, [*vale.* Or again, *Si valeas bene eſt, valeo:*] which I own ſeems preferable to our method of loading every letter with compliments, not only to wives and children, but to uncles, aunts, and couſins: and of conſequence,

ſequence, every relation, that is not particularly named, is particularly affronted. It will appear too minute a criticiſm to affirm, that the Engliſh language is not well adapted for epiſtolary writings: be that as it may, it is certainly inferior to the French, which engages, and perhaps improves us by a ſucceſſive flow of phraſes that are peculiar to that nation. Madame de Sevigné has filled four volumes of letters, all addreſſed to her daughter: they contain nothing, except different ſcenes of maternal fondneſs; yet, like a claſſic, the oftener they are read, the more they are reliſhed. Monsieur de Pelisson has publiſhed three volumes of letters, which, he calls *Lettres Hiſtoriques*, and which are little elſe than materials for a gazette: they inform us at what time the *grand Monarque* aroſe; when he went to bed; at what hour he dined; and what he ſaid while he was at ſupper: yet all theſe trifles are told in ſo agreeable a manner, and appear ſo natural and eaſy, that I can ſcarce think

the ſkill of OVID greater, who, in his *Faſti*, has turned the Roman Calendar into elegant poetry, and has verſified a ſet of old Almanacs. I need not mention VOITURE, or BALZAC, and perhaps it was wrong to turn aſide into the Roman, and the French territories, when I ought to have confined myſelf to the Britiſh iſlands; but I love to wander about with you, and in writing as in walking, to peep into every corner that may afford us matter of entertainment.

I am, my dear HAMILTON,

Your ever affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

P. S. AT the latter end of the ſeventh volume, is a pamphlet written in the year 1714. It is entitled, *Free Thoughts upon the preſent State of Affairs.* When you have read it, *digito compeſce labellum.*

LET-

LETTER XXI.

My dear HAMILTON,

IT is ſcarce poſſible to know in what manner to comment upon the laſt volume of the Dean's works. A general confuſion and diſorder runs throughout the whole, and one of the firſt pieces, is, what ought to have been the laſt, Dr. SWIFT's *Will*: which, like all his other writings, is drawn up in his own peculiar manner. Even in ſo ſerious a compoſition he cannot help indulging himſelf, in leaving legacies that carry with them an air of raillery and jeſt. He diſpoſes of his three hats (his beſt, his ſecond beſt, and his third beſt beaver) with an ironical ſolemnity, that renders the bequeſts ridiculous. He bequeaths "*to Mr.* JOHN GRATTAN *a ſilver box,*

" *to keep in it, the tobacco which the ſaid*
" JOHN *uſually chewed, called pigtail.*"
But, his legacy to Mr. ROBERT GRATTAN is ſtill more extraordinary. " *Item*
" *I bequeath to the Reverend Mr.* ROBERT
" GRATTAN, *Prebendary of St.* Audeon's,
" *my ſtrong box, on condition of his giving*
" *the ſole uſe of the ſaid box to his brother,*
" *Dr.* JAMES GRATTAN, *during the*
" *life of the ſaid Doctor, who hath more*
" *occaſion for it.*" Theſe are ſo many laſt impreſſions of his turn, and way of thinking: and I dare ſay, the perſons thus diſtinguiſhed, look upon theſe inſtances, as affectionate memorials of his friendſhip, and as tokens of the jocoſe manner, in which he had treated them during his life time.

HIS monumental inſcription, written by himſelf, and inſerted at the beginning of his *Will*, may confirm to you the obſervation which I made in a former letter, that he was not an elegant writer of Latin. An harſher epitaph has ſeldom been compoſed,

compoſed. It is ſcarce intelligible, and if intelligible, is a proof how difficult a taſk it is, even for the greateſt genius, to draw his own character, or to repreſent himſelf and his actions in a proper manner to poſterity.

I am now drawing towards the laſt ſcene of his life. The total deprivation of his ſenſes came upon him by degrees. In the year 1736, I remember him ſeized with a violent fit of giddineſs. He was at that time writing a ſatirical poem, called *the Legion Club*, but he found the effects of his giddineſs ſo dreadful, that he left the poem unfiniſhed; and never afterwards attempted a compoſition of any length either in verſe or proſe. However, his converſation ſtill remained the ſame; lively and ſevere; but his memory gradually grew worſe and worſe: and as that decreaſed and was impaired, he appeared every day more fretful and impatient. From the year *thirty nine* to the latter end of the year *forty one*, his

friends found his paſſions ſo violent and ungovernable, his memory ſo decayed, and his reaſon ſo depraved, that they took the utmoſt precautions to keep all ſtrangers from approaching him: for, till then, he had not appeared totally incapable of converſation: but early in the year *forty two*, the ſmall remains of his underſtanding became entirely confuſed, and the violence of his rage encreaſed abſolutely to a degree of madneſs. In this miſerable ſtate, he ſeemed to be appointed as the firſt proper inhabitant for his own hoſpital: eſpecially as from an outragious lunatic, he ſunk afterwards into a quiet, ſpeechleſs idiot; and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpleſs ſituation, He died towards the latter end of *October* 1745. The manner of his death was eaſy, without the leaſt pang or convulſion. Even the rattling in his throat was ſcarce ſufficient to give any alarm to his attendants, till within ſome very little time before he expired. A man in full poſſeſſion of his reaſon,

reaſon, would have wiſhed for ſuch a kind of diſſolution, but SWIFT was totally inſenſible of happineſs or pain: he had not even the power or expreſſion of a child, appearing, for ſome years before his death, reſerved only as an example to mortify human pride, and to reverſe that fine deſcription of human nature, which is given us by SHAKESPEARE in an inimitable manner: "*What a piece of work is* "*man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite* "*in faculty! in form and moving, how* "*expreſs and admirable! in action, how* "*like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like* "*a god! the beauty of the world, the* "*paragon of animals.*" Thus poets paint; but how vain and periſhable is the picture? The ſmalleſt thunderbolt from heaven blaſts it in a moment, and every tinct is ſo effectually obliterated, that ſcarce the outlines of the figure remain.

SWIFT, as I have hinted in a former letter[a], certainly foreſaw his fate. His frequent

[a] See Letter VI.

frequent attacks of giddineſs, and his manifeſt defect of memory gave room for ſuch apprehenſions. I have often heard him lament the ſtate of childhood, and idiotiſm, to which ſome of the greateſt men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples within his own time, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, and Lord SOMERS: and when he cited theſe melancholy inſtances, it was always with a heavy ſigh, and with geſtures that ſhewed great uneaſineſs, as if he felt an impulſe of what was to happen to him before he died.

UNLESS I am miſinformed, he died worth about twelve thouſand pounds, incluſive of the ſpecific legacies mentioned in his will, and which may be computed at the ſum of twelve hundred pounds; ſo that the remainder, near eleven thouſand pounds, is entirely applicable to the hoſpital for idiots and lunatics: a charitable foundation, particularly beneficial in theſe kingdoms, where the epidemic

epidemic diſtemper of lunacy is ſo prevalent, that it will conſtantly furniſh the largeſt building with a ſufficient number of inhabitants.

Lunacy may in general be conſidered as ariſing from a depraved imagination, and muſt therefore be originally owing to a fault in the body, or the mind. We ſee inſtances every day, where in fevers, all the powers of ſenſe and reaſon are utterly overturned by a raging madneſs; this frenzy conquers, or is conquered ſoon: but, from more ſlow and chronical cauſes, ſuch obſtructions may be formed, as gradually to produce various degrees of this diſorder, and to remain invincible to the very laſt moments of life. Nothing more ſtrongly diſpoſes the mind to this depraved ſtate than too fixed an attention to any particular object. Mr. Locke, if my memory does not deceive me, defines madneſs as ariſing from ſome particular idea, or ſet of ideas, that make

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ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon the mind as to baniſh all others: and the perſons affected are chearful, or melancholy, well-tempered, or fierce, according as the objects and ideas of their minds are different. From hence it is evident, that we ought to conſider the ſtrength of the mind even in the purſuit of knowledge, and often to vary our ideas by exerciſe and amuſements; conſtantly fixing a ſtrict guard againſt any paſſion, that may be prevalent in too high a degree, or may acquire an habitual ſtrength and dominion over us. Paſſions are the gales of life; and it is our part to take care, that they do not riſe into a tempeſt.

Love, with all its charms, muſt be reſtrained within proper bounds, otherwiſe it will torture that breaſt which it was formed to delight. Love contains within itſelf a variety of other paſſions, and lays ſuch a foundation of madneſs in the mind, that the frenzy, in this particular

particular caſe, never fails to appear in its full force, and to diſplay itſelf in all its ſtrength of horror.

RELIGION, which can only make the mind happy, and is our ſureſt and beſt defence againſt the paſſions, if conſidered in a wrong and melancholy view, has often perverted the ſeat of reaſon, and given more inhabitants to *Bedlam* than any other cauſe. A religious lunatic is miſerable, even to the deepeſt tortures of deſpair.

THE miſer, whom I muſt always rank among madmen, heaps up gold with an anxiety that affects his looks, his appetite, and his ſleep. The wretch dreads poverty in the center of plenty; and ſtarves, only becauſe he dares not taſte thoſe fruits which appear moſt agreeable to his deſires.

IN ſome other ſpecies of madneſs, the perſons affected are really more happy than

than in their ſenſes, and it is almoſt a crime to baniſh the agreeable deluſion. You remember the caſe of the citizen of *Argos*, who, after a ſalutiferous doſe of hellebore, cried out,

Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis (ait) cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

SUCH again would be the caſe of the beau of *Bedlam*, who, amidſt darkneſs and confinement, ſtill retains his pride and ſelf-admiration: dreſſes himſelf up in ſtraw inſtead of embroidery, and when ſuffered to go to the window, imagines that he captivates every female, who chances to paſs through *Moor-fields*. Is not ſuch a man happier in his madneſs, than in his ſenſes?

To ſpecify the many different claſſes of madmen would be endleſs. They are innumerable: ſo that it is almoſt a rare felicity

felicity to enjoy *mens ſana in corpore ſano*. Some men have owed their reputation and ſucceſs in the world to a tincture of madneſs, while others, merely from a ſuperior underſtanding, have been ranked among lunatics: of the latter ſort HIPPOCRATES (whom I wiſh you to look upon as a claſſic author, as well as a phyſician) gives a remarkable inſtance in one of his letters. He ſays, he was ſent for by the people of *Abdera* to cure DEMOCRITUS of madneſs, but, to his ſurpriſe, he found him the wiſeſt man of the age, and, by his laughing manner of talking and reaſoning, he almoſt convinced HIPPOCRATES, that all the reſt of the world, except DEMOCRITUS, were mad. It is not improbable, that madneſs has been coæval with mankind. There have certainly been many inſtances of it among the Greeks and Romans: among the Jews, the enthuſiaſtic fury of SAUL is equally remarkable with the extatick rage of NEBUCHADNEZZAR: nor have any parts of the world, I believe, entirely

entirely eſcaped this raging evil. It was frequently miſtaken for inſpiration, and the prophetic Sybils were obliged to put on the airs and looks of madneſs, to obtain an implicit belief to their prophecies. From theſe ſacerdotal impoſitions, mad people reaped ſome remarkable advantages. They were often looked upon as meſſengers ſent by heaven, to declare the will of the gods, and the prophetical decrees of fate: they were revered as perſons ſacred and divine: and, inſtead of ſcourges, they received tokens of adoration. In how great a degree muſt the ſubtilty of prieſts have prevailed, when they could make one of the greateſt curſes that attends human life, appear one of the greateſt bleſſings?

LUNATICS are ſo called from the influence which the moon has over bodies, when its attractive power is greateſt, by which means the preſſure of the atmoſphere being leſſened, the humours of the body are more rarefied, and produce

a greater plenitude in the veſſels of the brain. This has been illuſtrated by our good and learned friend Dr. MEAD, in his treatiſe *De imperio lunæ et ſolis*; and I have particularly obſerved, that in the laſt book [a], which he publiſhed, he takes notice in his chapter *de Inſania*, "that the "blood of ſuch perſons, who have been "moſt liable to this malady, was thick "and ſizy, and upon diſſection, their "brain always appeared dry, and their "veſſels filled with black ſluggiſh blood:" from whence, perhaps, we may, in ſome meaſure, account for the principal ſource of SWIFT's lunacy: his countenance being dark, bilious, and gloomy, and his eyes ſometimes fixed, and immoveable for a long time. HORACE, I remember, attributes the madneſs of ORESTES to a phyſical cauſe, where he ſays,

vocando
Hanc furiam, hunc aliud, juſſit quod ſplendida bilis.

So

[a] Entitled, *Monita & præcepta medica.*

So that diſeaſes, formed originally in the mind, often bring on this diſorder, and by degrees affect the body; eſpecially in ſuch conſtitutions as have any tendency to this diſtemper. But, what can be the reaſon, that it is ſo remarkably epidemical in theſe kingdoms? I am inclined to believe, that it muſt be owing to the groſſneſs of our food, and to our immoderate uſe of ſpirituous liquors: the one frequently cauſing the deepeſt melancholy, the other the moſt unlimited rage. Our climate is ſo variable and uncertain, and our atmoſphere is ſo perpetually filled with clouds and ſulphureous vapours, that theſe cauſes muſt neceſſarily have a great effect upon the natural impatience and inconſtancy of the inhabitants. We are apt to revel in a free indulgence of our paſſions; and they are as apt to agitate and enervate the fibres of the brain, and to imprint by degrees many fatal impreſſions, that can never be eradicated from the mind. Even the greateſt bleſſ-

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ing we enjoy, the freedom of our laws, may, I am afraid, in ſome meaſure, contribute to thoſe raſh actions, that often end in dreadful murders of the worſt kind, parricide, and ſuiciſm. Men muſt be reckoned in the higheſt claſs of lunatics, who are capable of offending the great Author of nature, by depriving themſelves of that life, which he only has a right of taking away, becauſe he only had the power of giving it. No perſon in his ſenſes can voluntarily prefer death to life. Our deſires of exiſtence are ſtrong and prevalent. They are born with us; and our ideas of a future ſtate are not ſufficiently clear, to make us fond of hurrying into eternity; eſpecially as eternity itſelf muſt ever remain incomprehenſible to finite beings. Human nature has an abhorrence, and a terror of its own diſſolution. The philoſopher ſubmits to death, becauſe he looks upon it as a neceſſary event: in the mean time, he uſes every method of prudence, and every art of caution, to lengthen out life

as far as he poſſibly can extend it, and to prevent the leaſt accident that may bring on death one hour ſooner than the laws of the human ſtructure require. The military hero meets the king of terrors more from the dictates of reaſon, than the impulſes of nature. His fame, his fortune, every object that can be dear to him, depend upon his reſolution to die. He expoſes himſelf to the danger of being deſtroyed, becauſe, an effort of ſecuring his life, muſt be attended with contempt and infamy. But, on the other hand, who would wantonly chuſe death, unleſs he were agitated to ſuch a choice by the fumes and vapours of a diſtempered brain?

THE ſubjects, where arbitrary power is eſtabliſhed, live in a continual ſtate of dread and apprehenſion, and all their other paſſions are ſubdued by fear: ſo that fewer inſtances of ſuicide have appeared in deſpotic governments, than in kingdoms, where liberty is more prevalent,

valent, and where the paſſions are leſs reſtrained.

THE diet, the air, and the political conſtitution of a country, give the peculiar, and diſtinguiſhing character of the people: and as the characteriſtics change, the inhabitants undergo the ſame metamorphoſes. How different are the modern Italians from the antient Romans? If BRUTUS were now living, he would probably acquieſce in the depending ſtate of a cardinal, and the papal crown would be unanimouſly preſented to CÆSAR.

THE melancholy caſe of Dr. SWIFT has, I find, ſeduced me into a long digreſſion; when I am writing to you, my HAM, I give a full ſcope to my thoughts, and wander licentiouſly out of my ſphere. I aim at placing all obſervations in your way, which I think can be of any uſe in your future road of life. But, why talk to you on the melancholy effects of mad-

neſs? only, my dear ſon, to obſerve in general, that temperance, exerciſe, philoſophy, and true religion are the ſureſt means to make men happy, and to preſerve them from a contagious malady, to which the inhabitants of theſe kingdoms are unfortunately liable.

A STATE of idiotiſm is leſs deplorable, not leſs ſhocking, than that of madneſs. Idiots are afflicted with no turbulent paſſions: they are innocent and harmleſs, and often excite pity, but never occaſion fear. The proverb tell us, *They are the favourites of fortune:* but I ſuppoſe it alludes only to thoſe *fools, who can number twenty rightly, and can tell the days of the week*; and alas! thoſe are no idiots in the eye of the law. The abſolute naturals owe their wretchedneſs to a wrong formation in their brain, or to accidents in their birth, or the dregs of fevers, and other violent diſtempers. The laſt was the caſe of the Dean of St. PATRICK's, according to the account

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ſent me by his two relations Mrs. WHITEWAY, and Mr. SWIFT [a]: neither of whom, I think, make the leaſt mention of a deafneſs, that from time to time attacked the Dean, and rendered him extremely miſerable. You will find him complaining of this misfortune in ſeveral parts of his writings, eſpecially in his letters (of the eighth volume) to Dr. SHERIDAN [b]. Poſſibly ſome internal preſſure upon his brain might firſt have affected the auditory nerves, and then, by degrees, might have encreaſed, ſo as entirely to ſtop up that fountain of ideas, which had before ſpread itſelf in the moſt diffuſive, and ſurprizing manner.

HAVING juſt now hinted to you the advantages that have accrued to madmen, I ought not to omit the honours that have been paid to fools. In former ages

[a] See page 138, and page 141.
[b] See Vol. VIII. Page 419.

ages the courts of France and England were not thought compleatly embelliſhed without a favourite idiot, who bore the title of the King's Jeſter, and who was as remarkably diſtinguiſhed by a cap and bells, as his royal maſter was diſtinguiſhed by a diadem and robes. This animal, like JUNIUS BRUTUS, frequently aſſumed the face and behaviour of folly, to anſwer his own particular views and advantages. His bluntneſs and ſimplicity recommended him in thoſe places, where truths, if ſpoken by a man of ſenſe, were diſagreeable and dangerous. If he had not the honour, like BRUTUS, to ſave his country, at leaſt he had the happineſs to ſecure himſelf: and his expreſſions were often ſo full of humour and ſarcaſm, that, to this day, they are recorded as pieces of wit. Such was the famous reply of ARCHY to *King* JAMES *the firſt*, when his Majeſty, amidſt all his wiſdom, was ſufficiently inſpired with folly, to ſend his only ſon into *Spain*. But, fools at preſent are no longer

longer admired in courts, or, if they are, they appear there without their cap and bells.

AND now, my dear HAMILTON, to quit reflexions, that tend in general rather to terrify, than to improve your underſtanding, let me obſerve, in honour of my friend SWIFT, that his eſtabliſhment of an hoſpital for idiots and lunatics, is remarkably generous: as the unhappy perſons, who receive the benefit, muſt, for ever, remain inſenſible of their benefactor.

I am your affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER XXII.

THE Directions to Servants, which is the tract immediately following SWIFT's *Will*, is imperfect and unfiniſhed. The editor tells us, that a preface and a dedication were to have been added to it. I think it was not publiſhed till after the Dean's death; but I remember the manuſcript handed about, and much applauded in his life time. To ſay the moſt that can be offered in its favour, the tract is written in ſo facetious a kind of low humour, that it muſt pleaſe many readers: nor is it without ſome degree of merit, by pointing out with an amazing exactneſs (and what in a leſs trivial caſe muſt have been called judgement) the faults, blunders, tricks, lyes, and various knaveries

knaveries of domeſtic ſervants. How much time muſt have been employed in putting together ſuch a work? What an intenſeneſs of thought muſt have been beſtowed upon the loweſt, and moſt ſlaviſh ſcenes of life? It is one of thoſe compoſitions, that the utmoſt ſtrength of wit can ſcarce ſuſtain from ſinking. A man of SWIFT's exalted genius ought conſtantly to have ſoared into higher regions. He ought to have looked upon perſons of inferior abilities as children whom nature had appointed him to inſtruct, encourage, and improve. Superior talents ſeem to have been intended by Providence as public benefits, and the perſon, who poſſeſſes ſuch bleſſings, is certainly anſwerable to heaven for thoſe endowments, which he enjoys above the reſt of mankind. Let him jeſt with dignity, and let him be ironical upon uſeful ſubjects: leaving poor ſlaves to *heat their porridge*, or *drink their ſmall beer* in ſuch veſſels as they ſhall find proper[a]. The Dean, it

[a] See Vol. VIII. Page 8.

it ſeems, had not this way of thinking: and having long indulged his paſſions, at laſt perhaps miſtook them for his duty. The miſtake, my dear HAMILTON, is neither extraordinary nor ſurpriſing. In points of religion it has carried men into great extravagancies; in thoſe of morality, into no leſs; but in politics, into the greateſt of all. Our inclinations are ſo apt to hurry us into inconſiderate actions, that we are afterwards inclined to flatter ourſelves they are right, only becauſe they have proceeded from our own thoughts and directions. Thus SWIFT, when he had once eſtabliſhed the rule of *Vive la bagatelle*, was reſolved to purſue it at all hazards. I wiſh his thoughts had taken another turn. The lower claſſes of mankind, paſs on unnoticed, the great, only are cenſured. They ought to be particularly attentive to every ſtep they take. The Dean of St. PATRICK's ſhould have known himſelf, as *Rex idem hominum Phœbique ſacerdos*, and ſhould have remembered, that kings and prieſts

are

are extremely liable to be cenſured. Poor SWIFT! why did he ſink below himſelf before he was deprived of reaſon? Forgive him that error, my HAMILTON, and draw a veil of oblivion over certain excreſcences of wit and humour, you will then admire him, as an honour to the public, and a ſcourge to all the knaves and fools of his time.

THREE pamphlets, relating to *Ireland*, ſucceſſively follow the *Direction to ſervants*. The firſt is entitled, *Reaſons humbly offered to the Parliament of Ireland, for repealing the Sacramental Teſt in favour of the Catholics*: The ſecond, *Some Reaſons againſt the Bill for ſettling the Tythe of Hemp, Flax, &c. by a Modus*: The third, *Some farther Reaſons againſt the Bill for ſettling the Tythe of Hemp, Flax, &c.* The ſubject matter of theſe pamphlets may perhaps be little worth your conſideration, but their ſtyle will always command your attention. They are very much miſplaced, and, in any more methodical

thodical edition of the Dean's works, ought to appear with ſuch other pieces as have been compoſed by him againſt the diſſenters. The firſt tract is written under the aſſumed character of a Roman catholic, by which means the author attacks his adverſaries with a great advantage. He freely acknowledges the ſeveral atrocious crimes of the papiſts, but at the ſame time palliates them ſo ſkilfully, that, from that very acknowledgment, he enables himſelf to aim the heavier blows at the preſbyterians. A paragraph extracted from the pamphlet will exemplify my meaning. " *We* " *allow*, ſays he, *the* CATHOLICS *to be* " BRETHREN *of the Diſſenters, ſome* " *people, indeed, (which we cannot allow)* " *would have them to be our children, be-* " *cauſe we both diſſent from the church* " *eſtabliſhed, and both agree in aboliſhing* " *this perſecuting ſacramental teſt; by* " *which* NEGATIVE DISCOURAGEMENT " *we are both rendered incapable of civil* " *and military employments. However, we*

" *cannot*

" *cannot but wonder at the bold familiarity*
" *of theſe ſchiſmatics, in calling the mem-*
" *bers of the national church their* BRE-
" THREN *and* FELLOW PROTESTANTS.
" *It is true, that all theſe ſects (except*
" *the* CATHOLICS) *are* BRETHREN *to each*
" *other in faction, ignorance, iniquity,*
" *perverſeneſs, pride, and (if we except the*
" QUAKERS) *in rebellion. But, how the*
" *churchmen can be ſtyled their* FELLOW
" PROTESTANTS, *we cannot comprehend.*
" *Becauſe, when the whole* BABEL *of*
" *ſectaries joined againſt the Church, the*
" *King, and the Nobility for twenty years,*
" *in a* MATCH AT FOOT BALL; *where*
" *the proverb expreſly tells us, that* ALL
" ARE FELLOWS; *while the three king-*
" *doms were toſſed to and fro, the churches*
" *and cities, and royal palaces ſhattered to*
" *pieces by their* BALLS, *their* BUFFETS,
" *and their* KICKS; *the victors would*
" *allow no more* FELLOWS AT FOOT-
" BALL: *but murdered, ſequeſtered, plun-*
" *dered, deprived, baniſhed to the planta-*
" *tions, or enſlaved all their oppoſers who*

" *had*

"*had* LOST THE GAME." The greateſt art, and the keeneſt ſtrokes of irony diſplay themſelves throughout the whole compoſition: and the concluſion of it is drawn up with a mixture of ſerious and ironical arguments that ſeem to defy all kinds of refutation.

THE two next pamphlets *for ſettling the Tythe of Hemp, &c. by a Modus* are entirely adapted to the clergy of *Ireland*, but I cannot avoid obſerving in thoſe papers, a greater fund of calmneſs, not a leſs degree of ſpirit, than in many other of SWIFT's political writings.

THE remainder of this volume is like a garden over-run with docks and thiſtles, among which ſome roſe-trees accidentally make their appearance. The ſcythe of time, or the weeding knife of a judicious editor, will cut down the docks and thiſtles, but the beauty of the roſes will particularly appear in ſome ſermons that are curious; and curious for

for ſuch reaſons, as would make other works deſpicable. They were written in a careleſs hurrying manner, and were the offspring of neceſſity, not of choice: ſo that you will ſee the original force of his genius more in theſe compoſitions, that were the legitimate ſons of duty, than in other pieces that were the natural ſons of love. They were held in ſuch low eſteem in his own thoughts, that ſome years before he died, he gave away the whole collection to Dr. SHERIDAN, with the utmoſt indifference: "*Here*, "ſays he, *are a bundle of my old ſermons*; "*you may have them if you pleaſe: they* "*may be of uſe to you, they have never* "*been of any to me.*" The parcel given to Dr. SHERIDAN conſiſted, as I have heard, of about five and thirty ſermons. Three or four only are publiſhed; and thoſe I have read over with attention. The firſt is upon *Mutual Subjection*, and that duty which is owing from one man to another. A clearer ſtyle, or a diſcourſe more properly adapted to a public

audience, can ſcarce be framed. Every paragraph is ſimple, nervous, and intelligible. The threads of each argument are cloſely connected, and logically purſued: but in places where the Dean has the leaſt opportunity to introduce political maxims, or to dart an arrow at the conduct of princes, he never fails to indulge himſelf in his uſual manner of thinking, as you will judge from the following quotations: "*A wiſe man*, ſays Dr. SWIFT, "*who doth not aſſiſt with his* "*counſels*; *a great man with his pro-* "*tection*; *a rich man with his bounty and* "*charity*; *and a poor man with his labour*; "*are perfect nuſances in a commonwealth.* "*Neither is any condition of life more* "*honourable in the ſight of* GOD *than an-* "*other*; *otherwiſe he would be a reſpecter* "*of perſons, which he aſſureth us he is not:* "*For he hath propoſed the ſame ſalvation* "*to all men, and hath only placed them in* "*different ways or ſtations to work it out.* "*Princes are born with no more advantages* "*of ſtrength or wiſdom than other men*; "*and,*

" *and, by an unhappy education, are uſually*
" *more defective in both than thouſands of*
" *their ſubjects*[a]." Again, in the ſame ſtrain, " *The beſt prince is, in the opinion*
" *of wiſe men, only the greateſt ſervant of*
" *the nation; not only a ſervant to the pub-*
" *lic in general, but in ſome ſort to every*
" *man in it*[b]." But the moſt extraordinary paſſage is a covert ſtroke at the higheſt order of his brethren the clergy. It runs thus, " *The miſeries of life are not*
" *properly owing to the unequal diſtribution*
" *of things; but* God *Almighty, the great*
" *King of heaven, is treated like the kings*
" *of the earth; who, (although perhaps*
" *intending well themſelves) have often moſt*
" *abominable miniſters and ſtewards, and*
" *thoſe generally the vileſt, to whom they*
" *entruſt the moſt talents*[c]. Dark as it is, this paragraph requires no explanation. The author's natural turn of mind breaks forth upon all occaſions, and the politician frequently outweighs the divine. If the

[a] Page 211. [b] Page 215. [c] Page 218.

the dictates of ſuch a ſpirit were capable of forcing their way from the pulpit, what a glorious, what a conſiſtent figure, muſt SWIFT have made in the roſtrum at *Rome*, or in one of the porticos at *Athens?*

THE next moral eſſay, for I can ſcarce call it a ſermon, is upon the *Teſtimony of Conſcience:* in which the author inſerts ſome very ſtriking obſervations upon ſuch falſe notions of honour as are too prevalent in the world. I am ſo far from thinking it a trouble, that I think it a pleaſure to tranſcribe the particular paſſage: " *The falſe principle, which ſome* " *men ſet up in the place of conſcience to be* " *their director in life, is what thoſe who* " *pretend to it, call* HONOUR. *This word* " *is often made the ſanction of an oath; it* " *is reckoned a great commendation to be a* " *man of ſtrict honour; and it is commonly* " *underſtood, that a man of honour can* " *never be guilty of a baſe action. This is* " *uſually the ſtyle of military men; of per-*

" *ſons*

" *ſons with titles; and of others who pretend*
" *to birth and quality. It is true indeed,*
" *that in antient times it was univerſally*
" *underſtood, that honour was the reward*
" *of virtue; but if ſuch honour as is now-*
" *a-days going will not permit a man to do*
" *a baſe action, it muſt be allowed, there*
" *are very few ſuch things as baſe actions*
" *in nature. No man of honour, as that*
" *word is uſually underſtood, did ever pre-*
" *tend, that his honour obliged him to be*
" *chaſte or temperate; to pay his creditors;*
" *to be uſeful to his country; to do good to*
" *mankind; to endeavour to be wiſe or*
" *learned; to regard his word, his pro-*
" *miſe, or his oath; or if he hath any of*
" *theſe virtues, they were never learned in*
" *the catechiſm of honour; which contains*
" *but two precepts, the punctual payment*
" *of debts contracted at play, and the right*
" *underſtanding the ſeveral degrees of an*
" *affront, in order to revenge it by the*
" *death of an adverſary*[a]." .

THE

[a] Page 228.

THE third diſcourſe upon *The Trinity* is indeed a ſermon, and one of the beſt in its kind. Dr. SWIFT ſeems not to have made ſuch a plan his voluntary choice, nor to have built, *ſuo ex motu*, upon ſuch a baſis [a], but he has compleated the ſuperſtructure in a moſt maſterly manner: the materials anſwer the dignity of the edifice, and the artificer may aſſume great honour, upon the completion of ſo noble, ſo ſimple, and ſo uſeful a pile. The myſterious parts of our religion, are apt to have dreadful effects upon weak minds. The general comments upon the ſacred writeings, and the ſeveral ſermons upon the moſt abſtruſe points of ſcripture are too often compoſed in the gloomy ſtyle. Damnation, eternal damnation, is placed with all its horror before our eyes; and we are ſo terrified at the proſpect, that fear makes us imagine, we can comprehend myſteries, which, on this ſide of the

[a] In the beginning of his ſermon, he lets us know, that he preached it on Trinity Sunday, a day on which all the clergy think themſelves confined to this theme.

the grave, muſt be for ever denied to our limited underſtandings. SWIFT has taken the ſafeſt, and the propereſt method of expounding theſe *arcana*. He advances every poſition that can be eſtabliſhed upon ſo incomprehenſible a ſubject. He ſuſtains the belief, avows the doctrine, and adapts the matter of faith as well as poſſible to the human capacity. His manner of reaſoning is maſterly, and his arguments are nervous, particularly where he ſays, " *It is highly probable,* " *that if* GOD *ſhould pleaſe to reveal unto* " *us this great myſtery of the Trinity, or* " *ſome other myſteries in our holy religion,* " *we ſhould not be able to underſtand them,* " *unleſs he would at the ſame time think* " *fit to beſtow on us ſome new powers or* " *faculties of the mind, which we want at* " *preſent, and are reſerved till the day of* " *reſurrection to life eternal*[a]." But, my HAM, you muſt be weary of quotations. I will make no more: and in excuſe of thoſe already made, I can only offer, that

[a] Page 246.

in comments upon original authors, quotations are often the beſt, and perhaps the only explanations that can fully anſwer the end propoſed. I mean that the original ſpirit is ſo volatile, as not to admit of the leaſt transfuſion. In ordinary compoſitions, the eſſence may be extracted, and the ſubtileſt parts diſtilled: But, SWIFT's ſermons appeared a chymical preparation of ſo extraordinary, and penetrating a nature, that I was reſolved to ſend you as much of the æthereal ſpirit, as might be ſafely conveyed by the poſt.

I SHALL take no notice of a fourth ſermon, as it is evidently not compoſed by the Dean [a]: but I find, that I have omitted to mention two poems of great wit and humour. They are previous to the ſermons. The firſt [b] was artfully publiſhed by Dr. SWIFT in a manner ſo different from thoſe rules of poetry to which he confined himſelf, that he hoped the

[a] *The difficulty of knowing one's ſelf*, p. 255.
[b] *The Life and Genuine Character of the Reverend Dr.* SWIFT.

the public might miſtake it for a ſpurious, or uncorrect copy ſtolen by memory from his original poem. He took great pleaſure in this ſuppoſition: and I believe it anſwered his expectation. One of his ſtricteſt rules in poetry was to avoid *triplets*. What can have given riſe to ſo nice a peculiarity is difficult to determine. It might be owing only to a ſingular turn of thinking; but the reaſon which he publicly aſſigned ſeemed not ſo much againſt the practice itſelf, as againſt the poets who indulged themſelves in that manner of writing. "A cuſtom (according to the Dean's opinion) "intro-"duced by lazineſs, continued by igno-"rance, and eſtabliſhed by falſe taſte." With deference to ſo great a critic, it is a cuſtom, that has frequently been purſued with remarkable ſucceſs. Mr. Dryden abounds in triplets; and in ſome of his moſt elegant poems, the third concluding verſe forms the fineſt climax in the whole piece. Mr. Waller,

the

the father of all flowing poetry, has generally reſerved the niceſt point of wit to his triplicate line: and upon an impartial enquiry, it is almoſt to be queſtioned, whether, in many inſtances, this deſpicable triplet may not add a greater beauty to a poetical compoſition, than any other circumſtance. To be confined, on any terms, by the links of rhyme, is of great diſadvantage to our Engliſh poetry. The fineſt poem that we can boaſt, and which we equalize, and perhaps would willingly prefer to the Iliad, is void of thoſe fetters. But, when it is our deſtiny to wear chains, ſurely we may be allowed to make them as light, and eaſy as we can.

THE ſecond poem[a], entitled, *Verſes on the Death of Dr.* SWIFT, *occaſioned by reading a maxim in* ROCHEFOUCAULT, is a moſt pointed piece of ſarcaſm. Not any of the Dean's poems have more wit; nor are any of them more ſevere. In it he

[a] Page 151.

he has ſummoned together his whole powers of ſatyr and poetry. It is a parting blow; the legacy of anger and diſappointment; but as the two laſt lines[b] are grammatically incorrect, and as they were not inſerted in the firſt edition publiſhed at *London*, I cannot tell how they have crept into a poem, that is otherwiſe as exactly poliſhed as any of SWIFT's niceſt compoſitions.

THE remaining pieces in this volume are neither worthy of SWIFT's pen, nor of your peruſal. Many of them are ſpurious, and many more are trifling, and in every reſpect improper for the public view: ſo that what was once ludicrouſly ſaid upon a different occaſion, may be applied not only to the laſt volume, but indeed to ſome of the former, as "they put us in "mind of the famous machine in WIN-"STANLEY's water works, where, out "of the ſame veſſel, the ſpectators were "preſented

[b] *That kingdom he hath left his debtor,*
I wiſh it ſoon may have a better.

" preſented with tea, coffee, chocolate,
" champaigne, and ſour ſmall beer."

I am, my dear ſon,

Your truly affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER XXIII.

WE have now gone through FAULKNER's edition of SWIFT's works, but there are ſtill remaining three of his pieces, *The Tale of a Tub*, *The Battle of the Books in St. James's Library*, and *The Fragment*, which although not abſolutely owned by the Dean, *aut Eraſmi ſunt aut Diaboli.*

THE firſt of theſe, *The Tale of a Tub*, has made much noiſe in the world. It was one of SWIFT's earlieſt performances, and has never been excelled in wit and ſpirit by his own, or any other pen. The cenſures

cenſures that have paſſed upon it, are various. The moſt material of which were ſuch as reflected upon Dr. SWIFT, in the character of a clergyman, and a Chriſtian. It has been one of the misfortunes attending Chriſtianity, that many of her ſons, from a miſtaken filial piety, have indulged themſelves in too reſtrained, and too melancholy a way of thinking. Can we wonder then, if a book compoſed with all the force of wit and humour in deriſion of ſacerdotal tyranny, in ridicule of grave hypocriſy, and in contempt of flegmatic ſtiffneſs, ſhould be wilfully miſconſtrued by ſome perſons, and ignorantly miſtaken by others, as a ſarcaſm and reflexion upon the whole Chriſtian Church? SWIFT's ungovernable ſpirit of irony, has ſometimes carried him into very unwarrantable flights of wit. I have remarked ſuch paſſages with a moſt unwilling eye. But, let my affections of friendſhip have been ever ſo great, my paternal affection is ſtill greater: and I will purſue candour, even with an aching heart, when the

the purſuit of it may tend to your advantage or inſtruction. In the ſtyle of truth therefore, I muſt ſtill look upon *The Tale of a Tub*, as no *intended* inſult againſt Chriſtianity, but as a ſatyr againſt the wild errors of the church of *Rome*, the ſlow and incompleat reformation of the Lutherans, and the abſurd, and affected zeal of the preſbyterians. In the character of PETER, we ſee the pope, ſeated on his pontifical throne, and adorned with his triple crown. In the picture of MARTIN, we view LUTHER and the firſt reformers: and in the repreſentation of JACK, we behold JOHN CALVIN and his diſciples. The author's arrows are chiefly directed againſt PETER and JACK. To MARTIN, he ſhews all the indulgence that the laws of allegory will permit.

THE actions of PETER are the actions of a man intoxicated with pride, power, rage, tyranny, and ſelf conceit. Theſe paſſions are placed in the moſt ridiculous light: and the effects of them produce

to

to us the tenets and doctrines of papal *Rome*, ſuch as purgatory, penance, images, indulgences, auricular confeſſion, tranſubſtantiation, and thoſe dreadful monſters, the pontifical bulls, which, according to this ludicrous author, derived their original from the famous bulls of Cholcos, deſcribed by Ovid.

Terribiles vultus, præfixaque cornua ferro;
Pulvereumque ſolum pede pulſavere biſulco;
Fumificiſque locum mugitibus implevere[a].

"But Lord Peter's bulls, ſays *The Tale of a Tub*, "*were extremely* "*vitiated by time in the metal of their* "*feet, which from* brass *was now dege-* "*nerated into common* lead. *However the* "*terrible roaring peculiar to their lineage* "*was preſerved, as likewiſe that faculty* "*of* breathing *out fire at their noſtrils.*" Theſe paſſages, and many others, no doubt, muſt be conſtrued as antichriſtian, by the church of *Rome*. When the chief miniſter

[a] Ovid Metam. Lib. VII. v. 112.

miniſter and his minions are expoſed, the keener the ſatyr, the more liable is it to be interpreted into high treaſon againſt the King.

In the character of Jack a ſet of people were alarmed, who are eaſily offended, and who can ſcarce bear the chearfulneſs of a ſmile. In their dictionary, wit is only another name for wickedneſs: and the purer, or more excellent the wit, the greater and more impious the *abomination*. However wide therefore the difference of Peter and Jack might have been in faſhioning their coats, the two brothers moſt ſincerely agreed in their hatred of an adverſary ſo powerful as this anonymous author. They ſpared no unmannerly reflexions upon his character. They had recourſe to every kind of abuſe that could reach him. And ſometimes, it was the work of Swift and his companions: ſometimes not a ſyllable of it was his work, it was the work of one of his uncle's ſon's, a clergyman: and ſometimes

times it was the work of a perſon, who was to be nameleſs. Each of theſe malicious conjectures reigned in its turn, and you will find, my HAMILTON, that bold aſſertions, however falſe, almoſt conſtantly meet with ſucceſs; a kind of triumph that would appear one of the ſevereſt inſtitutes of fate, if time, and truth, did not ſoon obliterate all marks of the victory.

THE criticiſms of the Martiniſts, (whom we may ſuppoſe the members of the church of *England)* were, it is to be hoped, more candid: for MARTIN, as I have juſt now hinted, is treated with a much leſs degree of ſarcaſm than the other two brothers. What relates to him, is ſo ſhort, that I will venture to tranſcribe it. "*They both*, [LUTHER *and* CALVIN] "*unanimouſly entered upon this* "*great work* [THE REFORMATION] "*looking ſometimes on their coats, and* "*ſometimes on the* WILL. MARTIN *laid* "*the firſt hand; at one twitch brought off*

" *a large handful of* POINTS; *and with*
" *a ſecond pull, ſtript away ten dozen*
" *yards of* FRINGE. *But when he had*
" *gone thus far, he demurred a while: he*
" *knew very well, there yet remained a*
" *great deal more to be done: however the*
" *firſt heat being over, his violence began to*
" *cool, and he reſolved to proceed more mo-*
" *derately in the reſt of the work; having*
" *already very narrowly ſcaped a ſwinging*
" *rent in pulling off the* POINTS, *which*
" *being* TAGGED WITH SILVER *(as we*
" *have obſerved before) the judicious work-*
" *man had, with much ſagacity, double*
" *ſown to preſerve them from* FALLING.
" *Reſolving therefore to rid his coat of a*
" *huge quantity of* GOLD LACE, *he picked*
" *up the ſtitches with much caution, and*
" *diligently gleaned out all the looſe threads*
" *as he went, which proved to be a work of*
" *time. Then he fell about the embroidered*
" INDIAN *figures of men, women and chil-*
" *dren; againſt which as you have heard*
" *in its due place, their father's teſtament*
" *was extremely exact and ſevere. Theſe,*
" *with*

" *with much dexterity and application,*
" *were, after a while, quite eradicated, or*
" *utterly defaced. For the reſt, where he*
" *obſerved the embroidery to be worked ſo*
" *cloſe, as not to be got away, without da-*
" *maging the cloth, or where it ſerved to*
" *hide or ſtrengthen any flaw in the body of*
" *the coat, contracted by the perpetual*
" *tampering of workmen upon it; he con-*
" *cluded, the wiſeſt courſe was to let it*
" *remain, reſolving in no caſe whatſoever,*
" *that the ſubſtance of the ſtuff ſhould*
" *ſuffer injury, which he thought the beſt*
" *method for ſerving the true intent and*
" *meaning of his father's* WILL. *And*
" *this is the neareſt account I have been*
" *able to collect of* MARTIN's *proceedings*
" *upon this great revolution.*"

THE church of England can ſcarce be angry at ſuch a favourable account of LUTHER: eſpecially as we have ſince reformed from LUTHER himſelf, and ſo far, as our judgements can teach us, have reſtored our *habits* ſtill nearer to the ori-

ginal faſhion, which they bore at the perfection of the *Teſtament*. The beſt, and what is more extraordinary, the moſt ſerious apology, that can be made for the author was written by himſelf, and is dated *June* 3, 1709, from which time, it has been conſtantly printed in a prefatory manner to the work itſelf. In this apology, Dr. SWIFT candidly acknowledges, that "*That there are ſeveral youthful ſallies, which, from the grave and the wiſe, may deſerve a rebuke.*" And farther adds, that "*He will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can fairly be deduced from the book, which is contrary to religion or morality.*"

THE dedication to *Prince Poſterity* will pleaſe you: nor will you be leſs entertained by the ſeveral *digreſſions* which are written in ridicule of bad critics, dull commentators, and the whole fraternity of Grubſtreet philoſophers. *The Introduction* abounds with wit, and humour: but the author never loſes the leaſt opportunity

portunity of venting his keeneſt ſatyr againſt Mr. Dryden, and conſequently loads with inſults the greateſt, although the leaſt proſperous of our Engliſh poets. Yet who can avoid ſmiling, when he finds the *Hind and Panther* mentioned as *a compleat abſtract of ſixteen thouſand ſchoolmen*, and when Tommy Pots is ſuppoſed written by *the ſame hand*, as *a ſupplement to the former work?* I am willing to imagine, that Dryden, in ſome manner or other, had offended my friend Dr. Swift, who, otherwiſe, I hope, would have been more indulgent to the errors of a man, oppreſſed by poverty, driven on by party, and bewildered by religion.

But although our ſatirical author, now and then, may have indulged himſelf in ſome perſonal animoſities, or may have taken freedoms not ſo perfectly conſiſtent with that ſolemn decency, which is required from a clergyman, yet throughout the whole piece, there is a vein of ridicule and good humour, that laughs

pedantry and affectation into the loweſt degree of contempt, and expoſes the character of PETER and JACK in ſuch a manner, as never will be forgiven, and never can be anſwered.

THE *Battle of the Books* took its riſe from the controverſy between Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE and Mr. WOTTON: a controverſy which made much noiſe, and employed many pens towards the latter end of the laſt century. This humorous treatiſe is drawn up in an heroic comic ſtyle, in which SWIFT, with great wit and ſpirit, gives the victory to the former. The general plan is excellent, but particular parts are defective. The frequent chaſms puzzle and interrupt the narrative: they neither convey any latent ideas, nor point out any diſtant or occult ſarcaſms. Some characters are barely touched upon, which might have been extended, others are enlarged, which might have been contracted. The name of HORACE is ſcarce inſerted, and VIRGIL is introduced

only

only for an opportunity of comparing his tranſlator DRYDEN, to *the Lady in a Lobſter: to a Mouſe under a Canopy of State: and to a ſhrivelled beau within the Penthouſe of a full bottomed Perriwig.* Theſe ſimilies carry the true ſtamp of ridicule: but, rancour muſt be very prevalent in the heart of an author, who could overlook the merits of DRYDEN; many of whoſe dedications and prefaces are as fine compoſitions, and as juſt pieces of criticiſm as any in our language. The tranſlation of VIRGIL was a work of haſte and indigence: DRYDEN was equal to the undertaking, but unfortunate during the conduct of it.

AND now as I have mentioned VIRGIL, and as I indulge myſelf in an unlimited manner of expreſſing to you my thoughts, let me purſue that kind of freedom by inſerting a conjecture, which, perhaps, is purely chimerical, but which, in the purſuit of it, has given me no ſmall degree of pleaſure, as the motive tends to

vindicate one of your favourite poets from the cenſure of ingratitude.

THE critics have been juſtly ſurprized, that VIRGIL ſeems entirely to have neglected HORACE, when it is evident, that HORACE takes frequent occaſions of expreſſing the greateſt tenderneſs, eſteem, and gratitude for VIRGIL. They have endeavoured to account for this neglect, by ſuppoſing, that ſome of VIRGIL's poems have been loſt; otherwiſe, who could imagine, that the author of the Æneid ſhould have paſſed over in ſilence the name of ſo excellent, and ſo eſtimable a friend? In the Greek and Roman writers it is not to be doubted, that there are many expreſſions, which, at the time when written, were evident marks to diſtinguiſh particular characters. Theſe, by the courſe of years, are now rendered doubtful and obſcure. HORACE's *Glycon* was always taken for a gladiator, till at the bottom of the ſtatue of the HERCULES FARNESE an old inſcription was diſcovered,

vered, that ſhews it was ſo called from the name of the famous ſculptor who made it. Many paſſages in Mr. Pope's poems, which are now eaſily explained, may, in a few centuries, become entirely unintelligible, and (excuſe the improbability of the circumſtance) when it is no longer remembered that he lived at *Twitnam*, he will no longer be known for *the Swan of Thames*.

Virgil, in his Eclogues, celebrates Pollio, Varo and Gallus, and he dedicates his Georgics to Mecænas: but in the Æneid, he could not introduce any of his cotemporaries, except by feigned names: and even then, the connection of the fable muſt be preſerved, and ſome poetical differences muſt be allowed. Such a conduct has induced ſome of the commentators to affix various names to particular characters in the Æneid. They have mentioned Marius, Pompey, Curio, and others, but their hints, and ſketches

ſketches have been imperfect, and written at random.

BISHOP ATTERBURY is more explicit. That learned prelate, in all the elegance, and delicacy of criticiſm, illuſtrates the paſſage relating to IAPIS, and fixes to it, the name and character of ANTONIUS MUSA, an eminent phyſician, and polite ſcholar at *Rome*. The BARRY[a] of his day.

FROM theſe attempts, I have been encouraged to ſearch for the character of HORACE, and inſtead of an imperfect picture, I hope, I ſhall be able to point out a very remarkable likeneſs in the following lines.

Et amicum Cretea muſis
Cretea muſarum comitem, cui carmina ſemper
Et citharæ cordi, numeroſque intendere nervis
Semper equos atque arma virûm, pugnaſque canebat.

AN ode in HORACE, which appears, by the mention of TIRIDATES, to have been

[a] Dr. EDWARD BARRY of *Dublin*.

been written at the ſame time with the ſeventh book of VIRGIL, bears a very ſtriking reſemblance to ſome part of this quotation. You remember

Muſis amicus triſtitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.

THE *Muſis amicus* was, in all probability, a ſynonimous name of HORACE, by which he was then diſtinguiſhed and perfectly well known at *Rome*. Such an appellation might be given to him from this gay and ſpirited ode. He begins it, by delivering at once all his cares and fears to be buried in the Cretan ſea. TIBULLUS and ANACREON have the ſame general ſentiment; but HORACE chuſes this particular part of the ocean for the eternal grave of all his cares. A circumſtance which might occaſion VIRGIL to give him the name of CRETEAS: and I dare ſay, HAM, you will agree with me in obſerving, that VIRGIL repeats that name with a certain tenderneſs and eſteem,

eſteem, as if he was unwilling to quit the ſubject, and as if he could wiſh to dwell longer in the deſcription of ſo excellent a genius, and ſo remarkable a poet.

But the line,

Et citharæ cordi numeroſque intendere nervis,

ſeems directly to point out Horace, and to celebrate him for his lyric performances. Monsieur Dacier, in the preface to his Horace, gives an hiſtory of the progreſs and decay of lyric poetry. He obſerves, that from the foundation of *Rome* to the reign of Augustus Cæsar (a ſpace of above ſeven hundred years) not one lyric poet had appeared. Horace was the firſt Roman, who, with a ſurpriſing natural genius, having ſtudied and acquired the beauty and ſtrength of numbers, formed himſelf upon the Grecian plan, and became the beſt Latin lyric poet of the Auguſtan age. From whence, it almoſt evidently appears, that this paſſage can only be adapted to him.

Thus

THUS far, without ſtraining the explanation of theſe lines, I would willingly hope, that the features of HORACE are diſcernible. The laſt verſe indeed does not ſeem to anſwer ſo exactly his poetical character.

Semper equos atque arma virûm pugnaſque canebat.

Let us try, if we cannot baniſh the objection, and eſtabliſh a perfect confirmation of the reſemblance.

SEVERAL of the odes of HORACE are remarkably fine in the warlike ſtrain, particularly the ode to AUGUSTUS after the battle of *Actium*, when the ſenate had agreed to addreſs ſolemn hymns to the Emperor in the ſame manner as to the celeſtial deities. The ode beginning *Cælo tonantem*, and occaſioned by the conqueſt over the Britons and Perſians, is full of fire. But the addreſs to ASINIUS

POLLIO

POLLIO breaths war and ſlaughter ſtill in a more exalted ſtrain.

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perſtringis aures : jam litui ſtrepunt.
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos, equitumque vultus.

MONSIEUR SANADON obſerves, that this ſtanza, and the four which follow it, are written with the greateſt ſpirit of lyric poetry. His expreſſion is *La force de Poeſie lyrique ne va point au de là.*

IT is very certain, that HORACE was a perfect maſter of the poetical array of battle, the din of war, and the ſound of clarions : or in the words of VIRGIL, *equos atque arma virûm pugnaſque canebat.* But, notwithſtanding his powers in that ſtyle, he ſeems conſtantly deſirous of declining any long poem, or laboured performance upon thoſe ſubjects. In his ode beginning *Motum ex Metello*, he adviſes ASINIUS POLLIO to lay aſide all intentions

intentions of writing a tragedy upon the civil wars, between ANTHONY and OCTAVIUS: and he fortifies this advice, by pointing out the danger of the theme. He tells POLLIO

Periculoſæ plenum opus aleæ
Tractas: et incedis per ignes
Suppoſitos cineri doloſo.

BUT, while he expatiates upon the difficulty of the undertaking, he ſhews himſelf ſuperior to the labours that deter him. As a poet, we may be aſſured he was equal to the taſk: as a politician, we may preſume he avoided it. He was unwilling to remind his imperial maſter of a war, in which he had appeared in arms againſt his prince: and in which, the character of AUGUSTUS had not been diſtinguiſhed with the moſt perfect degree of luſtre. Yet, that ſuch a kind of work was expected from him, may undoubtedly

edly be deduced from what he ſays in one of his odes to MECÆNAS.

Tuque pedeſtribus
Dices hiſtoriis prælia Cæſaris,
Mecænas, MELIUS.

HERE you ſee, HORACE aſſigns to his patron MECÆNAS all the laurels that might accrue from a compleat poem upon the wars of AUGUSTUS: and in another place the poet, with more modeſty than juſtice, ſays,

Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos
Aut labentis equo deſcribat vulnera Parthi.

THESE lines are in ſuch a ſtrain, as to demonſtrate the powers of the Muſe, much leſs deficient than the will. It is very probable therefore, that, during the time, while the public expectations were raiſed in hopes of ſeeing HORACE undertake

take ſome poem entirely formed upon the military plan, VIRGIL might have compoſed that part of the Æneid from whence I have drawn my quotation, and might very juſtly have given HORACE the character of CRETEAS, not only in conſequence of the odes already written, but under a kind of certainty, of ſeeing future and more perfect poems in the ſame ſtrain.

I SUBMIT to your judgement, whether theſe ſurmiſes are juſt. I really think they bear a great reſemblance to truth. Poſitive aſſertions on ſuch doubtful points, I leave to more eſtabliſhed critics: and return from the civil wars in *Italy*, to the civil wars in St. JAMES's library.

THE two chief heroes among the modern generals, are WOTTON and BENTLEY. Their figures are diſplayed in the moſt diſadvantageous attitudes. The former is deſcribed, "full of ſpleen, "dulneſs, and ill manners." The latter

is repreſented, "tall, without ſhape or "comelineſs: large, without ſtrength or "proportion." But, I will not anticipate your future pleaſure in reading a performance that you will probably wiſh longer, and more compleat.

THE *Battle*, which is maintained by the antients with great ſuperiority of ſtrength, though not of numbers, ends with the demolition of BENTLEY and his friend WOTTON by the lance of your grandfather [a]. And here, my ſon, it is not poſſible for me to avoid taking notice of one particular paſſage relating to my father. "BOYLE, ſays the author, *clad* "*in a ſuit of armour*, WHICH HAD BEEN "GIVEN

[a] CHARLES BOYLE, youngeſt ſon of ROGER the ſecond Earl of *Orrery*. By the death of his elder brother, he became Earl of *Orrery* and Baron *Broghill* in *Ireland*; and was afterwards created by Queen ANN, Baron BOYLE of *Marſton* in *Somerſetſhire*. He was appointed by that Queen Envoy Extraordinary to the States of *Flanders* and *Brabant*. He received the Order of the Thiſtle for his gallant behaviour as an officer. He was a fellow of the royal ſociety, and invented the aſtronomical machine, called, THE ORRERY.

" GIVEN HIM BY ALL THE GODS,
" *advanced towards the trembling foe, who*
" *now fled before him.*" I ſhall not diſpute about the gift of the armour: but thus far I will venture to obſerve, that the gods never beſtowed celeſtial armour, except upon heroes, whoſe courage, and ſuperior ſtrength diſtinguiſhed them from the reſt of mankind; whoſe merits, and abilities were already conſpicuous; and who could wield, though young, the ſword of MARS, and adorn it with all the virtues of MINERVA: and let me aſſure you, my deareſt HAMILTON, that your grandfather ſuſtained the character, which he had ſo early acquired, to the laſt moment of his life, and, on many occaſions, exerted his abilities in ſuch a manner, as evidently ſhewed, that he wanted neither armour, nor extraordinary aſſiſtance, to add to his firſt victory ſuch ſuperior ornaments, as will for ever be repoſited among the brighteſt trophies, in the temple of fame.

But before I quit this ſubject, give me leave to own how ſenſibly I felt the force of an arrow directed from his hand. The wound, I believe, was not deſigned to be laſting. It was given in a paſſion, and upon an extraordinary occaſion: but afterwards he was ſo deſirous to heal it, by a return of the greateſt degree of friendſhip and affection, that he had directed the remaining ſcar to be entirely eraſed, when his unexpected and too ſudden death, prevented the completion of his kind intentions, and the perfection of my cure. With difficulty I ſurvived the ſhock. As it was not in my power to avoid the ſevere decree, I obeyed: and, by my obedience, have flattered myſelf that I ſubmitted to the will of heaven. However, I have ſince thought, that I could not offer a more grateful ſacrifice to his manes, than by exerting thoſe faculties, which he had, at firſt, cultivated with ſo much care; and had depreſſed, at laſt, perhaps only to raiſe them higher.

Oh

Oh my ſon! how often have I reflected upon the happineſs of ÆNEAS, in hearing the ghoſt of ANCHISES ſay,

Sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum,
Tempora dinumerans: nec me mea cura fefellit.

THE name of my honoured father has inſenſibly drawn me into this digreſſion, which, to ſpeak the truth, I look upon as due to his memory, to my own ſentiments, and to your filial tenderneſs.

THE Fragment, or *a Diſcourſe concerning the mechanical operation of the Spirit*, is a ſatyr againſt enthuſiaſm, and thoſe affected inſpirations, which conſtantly begin in folly, and very often end in vice. In this treatiſe, the author has revelled in too licentious a vein of ſarcaſm: many of his ideas are nauſeous, ſome are indecent, and others have an irreligious tendency: nor is the piece itſelf equal in wit and humour either to *The Tale of a Tub*, or *The Battle of the Books*. I ſhould con-

ſtantly chuſe rather to praiſe, than to arraign any part of my friend SWIFT's writings: but in thoſe tracts, where he tries to make us uneaſy with ourſelves, and unhappy in our preſent exiſtence, *there*, I muſt yield him up entirely to cenſure.

I am, dear HAMILTON,

Your moſt affectionate Father,

ORRERY.

LETTER XXIV.

DR. SWIFT left behind him few manuſcripts. Not one of any conſequence, except an account of the peace of *Utrecht*, which he called *an Hiſtory of the four laſt years of Queen* ANN. The title of an hiſtory is too pompous for ſuch a performance. In the hiſtorical ſtyle, it wants dignity, and candour: but as a pamphlet,

pamphlet, it will appear the beſt defence of Lord OXFORD's adminiſtration, and the cleareſt account of the treaty of *Utrecht*, that has hitherto been written.

IN ſome of his leiſure hours, he had begun an hiſtory of *England*, and had purſued it through two or three reigns, from WILLIAM the Conqueror. The contempt he conceived of our antient monarchs, made him ſoon lay the deſign aſide. His averſion to kings was invincible. You will ſay perhaps, this averſion was rooted in pride: poſſibly it might: but, in your courſe of reading, you will find ſo very few princes whoſe merits and abilities entitle them even to a crown of ruſhes, that you will probably think no ſmall degree of prudence neceſſary to reconcile us to a monarchical ſtate. What has not this nation ſuffered from our former princes? Even from the beſt of them? If we ſpeak candidly of our boaſted Queen ELIZABETH, ſhe was, in many inſtances, a tyrant: but ſhe was a

tyrant with ſenſe and dignity. She knew the true intereſt of the nation, and ſhe purſued it; but ſhe purſued it in an arbitrary manner. She was fortunate in the time of reigning: for her character has been exalted by the want of merit in her ſucceſſor, from whoſe miſconduct guſhed forth that torrent of miſery, which not only bore down his ſon, but overwhelmed the three kingdoms. If you aſk what were the precious fruits of the reſtoration? The anſwer will be, an exchange only from one confuſion to another: from jealouſies between general MONK and LAMBERT, to jealouſies between the dukes of *York* and *Monmouth*: a perpetual rotation of falſe politics: a king with the beſt natured diſpoſition imaginable, ſuffering innocent blood to be ſhed without remorſe. Or, if you enquire, what was the effect of a lawful ſovereign? A ſhameful ſubmiſſion to a neighbouring kingdom, which, not long before, had trembled at the frowns of an uſurper. Such was the fate of poor *England!*

England! To theſe wretched times, ſucceeded the religious fooleries, and the weak attempts of JAMES the ſecond. Then followed the revolution. But, I muſt deſcend no lower. Let us therefore turn our eyes from home, and take a momentary view of other nations. If we look towards antient *Rome*, and conſider her firſt ſeven monarchs, how wicked, or how inſignificant were their characters? And, when the name of *Monarch* was changed into that of *Emperor*, what a tyrannical pack of CÆSARS paſs before our eyes? Many of them, the greateſt monſters that human nature ever produced: yet theſe were lords, emperors, and kings of the world. If you read the Old Teſtament, and conſult the Chronicles of the Kings of *Judah*, you will find them a ſet of the proudeſt, and the moſt obſtinate princes upon earth. Tell me then, my HAMILTON, is not ſuch a retroſpect enough to diſguſt us againſt kings? Bad as it is, it muſt not diſguſt an Engliſhman. We ought ever to regard,

honour,

honour, and preſerve our original conſtitution, which of all regal ſtates is the beſt framed in the univerſe. The balance of our government is hung indeed in the niceſt manner imaginable: a ſingle hair will turn it; but when it is held exactly even, there cannot be a finer ſyſtem under heaven: and I muſt freely own to you, that I think our kings have been often leſs blameable than their people. You remember the exclamation of the Scotchman, upon ſeeing the flatteries paid to JAMES the firſt at his acceſſion, "*By my ſaul, mon, yon feuliſh folk will* "*ſpoil a geud king.*" The Scotchman was in the right: but we continued in our fooliſh ways to JAMES and his ſucceſſors. Our courtly adulations are always outragious, we know no bounds. The perſon flattered, muſt be more than human, not to be ſometimes blinded by ſuch perpetual incenſe. Perhaps we borrow this kind of ſervility from the *French*, who, in the laſt century, beſtowed the title of JUST upon LEWIS the thirteenth,

during

during whoſe reign, ſuch repeated acts of cruelty, oppreſſion, and injuſtice, were perpetrated, as ſcarce any other annals can produce.

An additional excuſe, that may be made for the errors of our *Engliſh* kings, is the different treatment which they find at the beginning, from what they receive at the latter end of their reigns. At the beginning, all is ſmoothneſs, all is joy and felicity: but the ſun-ſhine is ſeldom of a very long duration. Clouds of jealouſy ariſe, and the whole atmoſphere is ſoon filled with noxious vapours; ſo that the remaining chaſm is filled up with heart-burnings, animoſities, and perſonal altercations between miniſters: and they often ariſe to ſuch a height, as even to moleſt the King in his chair of ſtate. *Delirant Achivi, plectuntur reges.* Theſe are the unhappy effects that ariſe, as I have before obſerved, from the very nobleſt cauſe, the thirſt of liberty. A free people are conſtantly jealous of their rights.

rights. A wiſe king will preſerve to them thoſe rights, and by ſuch a maxim will eſtabliſh his own. But, the great misfortune of our former *Engliſh* princes has been their indolent ſubmiſſion to the name, without the leaſt attempt of diſcharging the duties of a ſovereign. The life of ſuch a prince muſt have proved inglorious to his people, and unhappy to himſelf. He muſt have found himſelf only the ſecond perſon in his kingdom, nay perhaps the third or fourth: the leviathans of power, being ſeldom, if ever, without their coadjutors: and in that caſe, it is a point of condeſcenſion, to permit their royal maſter to be one of the groope. Our *Engliſh* commentaries, which are in truth a very melancholy, and a very reproachful hiſtory, give us many mortifying inſtances of this kind. I live ſo detached from the great world; and I keep myſelf at ſuch a diſtance from the high commerce of politics, that I know little or nothing of the preſent times, and therefore can only inſtruct you from my reading,

reading, and not from my experience. Your fate perhaps may lead you to have admittance to the ſacred cloſet, or to approach the exalted ſteps of the throne. If that honour is in reſerve for you, uſe it in ſuch a manner, as ſhall ſhew, that you think yourſelf accountable to God, and your country, for every action of your life. Begin by conquering your own prejudices, and then endeavour to conquer thoſe of your maſter. Make him in love with parliaments, but let thoſe parliaments be free. Bring him thoroughly acquainted, even with the minuteſt branch of the conſtitution. Study his honour. Prevent his paſſions. Correct his errors. Keep *England* ever uppermoſt in your thoughts: and conſider the king of *England* as only born for the good of his people. Shield him, if poſſible, from flattery: it is a rock more fatal to princes, than *Charybdis* ever was to mariners. Guide his leiſure to manly employments, ſuch as may preſerve him from the enervating delicacies of a court.

In

In your publick capacity forget your relations, and your private friends. Know none but the friends of your country. Deſpiſe all dignities that you have not more than thoroughly deſerved. Fear nothing but your own conſcience. Aim at nothing but the proſperity of the ſtate. Remember, that *Great Britain* is an iſland, and that nature, by detaching it from the continent, has rendered our ſituation particularly fortunate: and has pointed out to us, in what element our chief ſtrength is appointed. Cheriſh upon all occaſions our naval armament: and fail not to oppoſe your voice, againſt any greater number of land forces than are abſolutely neceſſary: I had almoſt ſaid, neceſſary for reviews in *Hyde Park*. A king, who enjoys the true affection of his people, will never ſtand in need of ſoldiers to defend him. He will dread no competitor: he will apprehend no domeſtic danger. He will diſtinguiſh which of the powers abroad are his natural and political enemies, and which are

ſo

ſo ſituated, as to require his friendſhip and alliance. He will attend to the improvement of the colonies in the *Weſt Indies*, and to the different branches of trade that may ſafely and wiſely be encouraged in the three different kingdoms.

You find, my Hamilton, that I ſuppoſe your imaginary ſovereign capable of receiving inſtruction, and *you* of giving it. But far be it from me to wiſh you his only counſellor, or (to expreſs myſelf more properly) his ſole miniſter: one, who draws every thing within the vortex of his own power: who is at once admiral, general, treaſurer, archbiſhop, judge, and perpetual legiſlator. Such a kind of magiſtrate is odious to the *Engliſh* conſtitution.

If from the two houſes of parliament you ſeparate, or withdraw the King, the government will remain in the form of a republic, where every man has his part allotted to him, and is to co-operate with

with the reſt, for the benefit of the collective body of the people. What then is the King? Only the firſt and chief magiſtrate, who acts in a ſuperior degree to the reſt. All dignities, all honours flow from the crown. Such a power alone, excluſive of every other, will give a prince ſufficient authority throughout all his dominions: but he has many more prerogatives. He has the glorious privilege of pardoning offences, and rewarding great actions: while the odious, or at leaſt the reluctant parts of juriſdiction, ſuch as puniſhment and condemnation, are allotted to his officers: to himſelf alone, is left the godlike power of mercy and forgiveneſs. From hence perhaps, kings have thought themſelves repreſentatives of GOD. Would to GOD, they thought themſelves repreſentatives of the people. The law indeed, generouſly looks upon the King as incapable of doing wrong. Of what pernicious conſequence therefore muſt be the interpoſition of a ſingle man between the King

and the people? How much muſt he eclipſe his maſter's glory, and the proſperity of the ſtate? His ſituation will neceſſarily make him act in an arbitrary manner. He is anſwerable to the laws; and, if his orders are diſputed, he is unhinged; if they are diſobeyed, he is undone, unleſs he has artfully brought his adverſaries to a greater degree of corruption than himſelf, and, in that caſe, ——— But I muſt remember the boundaries of a letter, and muſt conſider, that, having already finiſhed my moſt material obſervations upon the life and writings of the Dean of St. PATRICK's, it is time to draw towards an end. I originally choſe the topic, my deareſt HAMILTON, becauſe few characters could have afforded ſo great a variety of faults and beauties. Few men have been more known and admired, or more envied and cenſured, than Dr. SWIFT. From the gifts of nature, he had great powers, and from the imperfection of humanity, he had many failings. I always conſi-

dered him as an *Abſtract and brief chronicle of the times:* no man being better acquainted with human nature, both in the higheſt, and in the loweſt ſcenes of life. His friends, and correſpondents, were the greateſt and moſt eminent men of the age. The ſages of antiquity were often the companions of his cloſet: and although he induſtriouſly avoided an oſtentation of learning, and generally choſe to draw his materials from his own ſtore, yet his knowledge in the antient authors evidently appears from the ſtrength of his ſentiments, and the claſſic correctneſs of his ſtyle.

You muſt have obſerved, my dear ſon, that I could not ſubmit to be confined within the narrow limits of biographical memoirs. I have gone into a more extenſive field, and, in my progreſs, I wiſh I may have thrown out ſuch hints, as ſhall tend to form your mind to virtue and learning: the ultimate end of all my wiſhes, and all my cares.

cares. Heaven grant, my HAMILTON, that I may deſerve from you, the honour which HORACE pays to his father, *(Inſuevit pater hoc me, ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum &c.)* when you drop a filial tear over the grave of

Your moſt affectionate Father,

your ſincereſt Friend, and

your happy Companion,

ORRERY.

Leiceſter Fields,
Auguſt 28, 1751.

THE END.

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